

OLD POOR ROBIN. 756. 17
An ALMANACK. 5
2465

COMPOSED

(According to the most modern Mode of Composition)

ON

A Variety of Subjects, both Ancient and Modern,

And for the Reader's further Entertainment,

Part in Prose,
Part in Verse;
Part Narrative,

|| Part Contemplative;
|| Part Serious,
|| Part Comic,

FOR THE

Entertainment and Improvement of the human Mind,
and adapted to the meanest Capacity.

BEING

A new improved Edition of a very old
EPHEMERIS, for the Year of our Lord 1783.
Being the One Hundred and Twenty-first Edition;
the Third Year after Bissextile or Leap Year,
And the Thirty first Year of the New Style in Great Britain.

Written by POOR ROBIN, Knight of the Burgh,
Island, and a Well-Wisher to the Mankind.



Of Pamphlets of Old and of Almanacks past,
Experience tells us how soon they expire;
Yet the Fates have ordain'd it that ROBIN shall last
While Wise Men shall read, or while Fools can admire.

Yet of all his kind Customers, near or afar, none
He hopes (for his Works, when they lovingly call.)
Will buy the Poor Robin that's published by CARNON,
But honest OLD ROBIN of Stationer's Hall.

L O N D O N.

Printed for the Company of STATIONERS:

And sold by JOHN WILKIE at their Hall in Ludgate-Street,
1783. [Price 9d. stitched.]

Ephemerides. H.

BY Virtue of an Act, made in 1751, for Alteration of the Style the Beginning of the Year was changed from the 25th of *March* to the 1st of *January*, which Change took Place on the 1st of *January*, 1752.

In Consequence of the same Act of Parliament, the Use of the *Julian Account*, or Old Style, heretofore followed in this Country, ceased on the second of *September* of the same Year 1752; and by dropping or leaving out eleven nominal Days, and calling the next, which would have been the third, the fourteenth, the New Style took Place: And from thence, by the said Act, is directed to be used for all Time to come, in all his Majesty's Dominions subject to the Crown of *Great-Britain*. By this Alteration, the several Fixed or Immoveable Feasts, as they are ordered to be placed in the New Calendar upon the same nominal Days of the respective Months as they were placed upon in the Old, will come 11 Days earlier than they would otherwise have done, and thereby make all Things depending on them, such as the Opening or Inclosing of Common Fields and Pastures, the Holding of Fairs and Marts, the Payments of Rents and Annuities, and the Commencement or Extinction of many private Rights and Matters of Property, do the same: To prevent therefore any Inconvenience arising therefrom, the Act provides and directs, That the Opening or Enclosing of Pastures, the Payments of Rents, Annuities, and all other Things depending on the Fixed or Immoveable Feasts, shall not by this Means be accelerated or forwarded, but that the Days of Opening or Shutting such Pastures, of Paying such Rents or Annuities, and of doing all such other Matters and Things formerly to be done and performed on the said Feasts, shall be Kept, Observed, and Performed, on the same natural Days of the Year on which the said Feasts would have fallen, if this Act had not been made. For this Reason the 5th of *April* is called *Old Lady Day*, and the 10th of *October* *Old Michaelmas Day*, and so of the rest, as being the respective Days on which all such Rents and Payments become due, such Rights take Place, and such Matters and Things ought be done, and not before. All that is here said relates to the several Things abovementioned, depending on Fixed or Immoveable Feasts; but all such as depend on moveable Feasts or on Days depending on them, are to take Place, and be reckoned according to the New Calendar, in Pursuance of an Act of Parliament of the Year 1752, for amending the former Act of the Year 1751.

N. B. That all Dates of Births, Deaths, or other remarkable Events, in the Regal or Chronological Tables, prior to, or upon the second of *September* 1752, are to be understood according to the *Julian Account*, or Old Style; but after that Time, the annual Returns of them are placed in the Calendar Part of the *Almanack*, according to the New Style, Eleven nominal Days later

INTRODUCTION.

Parvum in Multo;

Or the Art of making the most of a few Words.

HAIL sportive Fancy,
 Sportive Fancy hail:
 Ale bring me, Betty;
 Betty, bring me Ale.
 Wit send me Heav'n,
 Oh Heav'n pray send me Wit:
 I fit to write,
 Yes now to write I fit.
 Drink give, ye Gods;
 Ye Gods, pray give me Drink.
 To think I'll try,
 Aye then I'll try to think.
 A flowing Bowl,
 O yes, a Bowl that's flowing,
 Gives Knowledge to the Head,
 And makes it knowing.
 Lengthens the Page,
 The Page it surely lengthens;
 Strengthens ev'n Age:
 Oh, ev'n Age it strengthens.
 Let me not want,
 Pray don't let that be wanted:
 This Favour grant,
 Aye, do let this be granted.
 Then sure I'll do,
 Oh, yes, I'll do it surely;
 Purely I'll write,
 Oh, I'll write most purely.
 Deface no Character,
 No Character I'll deface:
 My Preface now comes on
 Yes now comes on my Preface.

P R E F A C E.

AS I am a Person of perhaps the most consummate Modesty of any one living ; (which you have seen I doubt not before now by the extreme Delicacy of my Performance.) I must own that the first Year of my Appearance in Print, if any one happened to say I have perused your Lucubrations, I blush'd and walk'd aside.—They, knowing my invincible Shyness, said no more.—The second Year this said Shyness imperceptibly wore off, and I listened to the Observations of my Readers.—I this Year presume to give an Account of what I have learnt from them.

Imprimis. I don't hear that any of the Holy Ministers of the different Denominations belonging to the Pious Protestant Association, who, headed by a Disciple of JOHN KNOX set the poor Convicts of Newgate at Liberty, by lovingly firing the Prison over their Ears—I say, I don't hear that any one of these has spoke one single Word about me ; for which I assign this modest Reason,—viz.—That they trouble their Heads as little about my Nonsense as I do about their's.

Lady Barbara Backbite (who by the bye is an antiquated Maiden) is very bitter against me, and says, in short, that she is surpris'd that a Man of a liberal Education, who can write English and quote Latin should write Ribaldry as I do.—The Truth is, that she has taken my Diary out of the Kitchen, and hid it in her own Closet, whither she repairs four or five Times every Day for her private Devotions.—Lest (as she observes) it should hurt the Morals of her Servants.—But, if any Confidence is to be put in a Chambermaid, her Ladyship's Closet contains nothing but a Close-stool and a Shelf which holds a Bottle of Cordial Waters, a Bible and Testament as good as new, upon which lies Poor Robin thumb'd most confoundedly.

My serious Readers demand something solid.—At those gloomy hours (of which every Year brings more than my Piety every pray'd for) when my Barrel is exhausted, my Pockets usefess, Rushlights supplying the place of Candles, as Tanners Knobs do that of Coal ; when the last hard crust lies upon the Shelf, challenging the best of all the Old Teeth in my Head to encounter it—at those solemn minutes expect somewhat that will suit you. When I deviate from that, kindly say that I have all Humours to please, and you hope that Times mend with me,

Aset of good-hearted Souls, who nightly enjoy themselves in Mirth and Frolick over the full frothed Tankard, often, as I am informed, drink to the Skull of Poor Robin.

These, I understand wish that I would give them a few Songs with the Name of some common Tune prefixed; that when Mirth and high Spirits abound, they may all join together in a full RORATORIO.—In Compliance to their Wishes, they will find their commands obeyed in some of the subsequent Pages.

I am the further perswaded to this from a Story I heard of an honest Cocker, who was so fond of the Song upon his Brother Craft, published in the Year 1781, that he swore he would heel-piece the Author a Pair of Shoes for nothing.

Poor Robin presents his humble Compliments to the Gentleman; desires his Address and Place of Abode; and begs leave to inform him that he has but two Shoes in the World; and the Devil a Heelpiece has he had upon either of them these three Months.

I have now a Letter before me, sent by a Connoisseur, alias a Critic, who signs himself Longinus; desiring my Opinion upon the following Lines in Ovid's Metamorphosis, Lib. I.

*Madidis Natus evolat alis,
Terribilem picca teſus caligine vultum :
Barba gravis nimbis, canit, fluit unda capillis,
Fronte ſedent nebulae, rorant pennae; ſinufque,
Uſq; manus late pendentia nubila preſſit,
Fit fragor, et denſi funduntur ab Aethere nimbi.*

That my English Reader may not be at a Loſs, I will give him Sandys' Poetical Translation, as a Proſe one cannot come nearer the Point.

And now flew out the Southern Wind
Who ſtraight with watry Wings
And dreadful Face as black as Pitch,
Forth out of Priſon ſings.
His Beard hung full of hideous Storms,
All dankiſh was his Head,
With Water ſtreaming down his Hair,
Which on his Shoulders ſhed.
His ugly Forehead wrinkled was
With foggy Miſts full thick,
And on his Feathers, and his Breſt,
A ſtilling Dew did ſtick.
As ſoon as he between his Hands
The hanging Clouds has cruſh'd
With rattling Noiſe adown from Heaven
The Rain full ſadly ruſh'd.

I thank you, Master Sandys.—And now, Mr. Critic, I will tell you in what Manner I should have translated it.—I should have chose a free Translation, and the Mode would have been as follows :

With Wings full wet the Southern God he flew :
 His Face as black as Susan's Apron's blue.
 Upon his Face did hideous Rains appear,
 Dark was his Visage, dank his drooping Hair.
 His Forehead (Molly, betwixt you and I)
 Was wrinkled much; and Jenny, by the bye,
 His Breast was feather'd, and those Feathers wet;
 His Pores did all distil a Dewy Sweat.
 And as the Winds, when Clouds spread round amain,
 Contract their Sphere, and crush them into Rain;
 Those Clouds—(and here a Simile I beg)
 He crush'd, as thou would'st Nancy, crush an Egg.

But now, my good Friend, as, in Philosophy, the Copernican System knock'd the Ptolemaic one on the Head, merely because of its Simplicity—I must needs tell you, that although I acknowledge Ovid's Description to be mighty beautiful, and exceeding poetical—Yet I think I could produce the same Effects, even upon that very Principle, viz. the deluging the Earth by the Decree of Jove: All this, I say, I think I can do upon a Plan full as probable, and much more simple.

Now, Brother Critic, lend me your Head upon this Affair. Two Heads are better than one.—This is evident from clapping an old Woman's Head and a Calf's Head together. Take the Calf's Head away, and the Old Woman's Head is worth nothing at all.—Now we will neither call Neptune, Notus, Boreas, nor Auster to our Assistance.—Juno's Messenger, cloth'd in various colours as Ovid expresses it.—I mean Iris (I speak this because that, as he terms it, I was afraid that some of my plain English Readers might take the Goddess for a Merry Andrew.—Juno's Messenger, I again repeat it, I will have nothing at all to do with.—Æolus himself shall be quite out of the Scrape.———How must we do then, says my Critical Friend the Connoisseur.———I will tell you instantly.———I will call up his Wife, whom after the Latin Manner I will make bold to put into the first Declension and call her Ladyship's Name Æola, and then I would inform you how

She

She op'd a Sluice
 Large shoals of Juice
 She spread around
 Which quickly drown'd
 The Earth and then
 Both Beasts and Men
 In Heaps lay swimming,
 Good lack, what skimmin'g,
 Had we but seen
 Might there have been,
 All was confounded ;
 All was drowned,
 Save Fish and these
 Were found in Trees.
 The Hyades moan'd,
 The Dryades groan'd,
 And both allow'd that all was much amiss.
 Then snuffing swore the Ocean stunk of Piss.

Now, I have the Vanity to say that my Plan, which I wish in future to be called the Robinic System, drowns the World with a Deal less Trouble than Ovid's.

And now Mr. Ovid, Mr. Sandys, Mr. Critic, I wish you all a happy Repose—I must take my Leave of my good Friends and Customers.

Th' expanded Heart has scarce half told its Tale
 Before my narrow Limits stop its Course.

I have only now to wish each kind Customer a happy new Year.—How many may be their Lot, Fate only must determine.

May we all so behave
 That in future we nothing need fear ;
 Left when Death comes in Front,
 The Devil should drive up the Rear.

Your Loving Friend POOR ROBIN.

JANUARY has XXXI Days P. Rob. 1783. M | D | C | Dec.
South

New Moon 3	} Day at	7 Hours, 40 Mi. Mo.	1	23 deg.
First Quarter 10		9 Hours, 22 Mi. Mo.	6	22 29'
Full Moon 18		2 Hours 11 Min. Af.	11	21 47
Last Quarter 26		3 Hours 2 Min. Mo.	16	20 54
S. N. 2	☉ enters ♍ 20th at 4 & M. past 1 in the Morn.		21	19 51
			26	18 39

1	21	W	Circumcision	
2	22	T		
3	23	F	[1643.	When first I try'd to write this Side,
4	24	S	Sir I. Newt. born	I went on wondrous queerly :
5	25	E	Sun. aft. Circ.	Howe'er tho' dull, I've made a Pull
6	26	M	Epiphany.	You see through four Lines fairly.
7	27	T		One Line I thank kind Heaven's :
8	28	W	Lucian	Blank,
9	29	T		So this Line counts for Seven, Sir :
10	30	F		Oh had I more but just Lines four,
11	31	S		I then should raise eleven, Sir.
12	Ja	E	1 S. aft. Epiph.	Now should I chooset' invoke a Muse,
13	2	M	Hil. Cam. T. be.	Muses are fickle Madams :
14	3	T	Ox. Ter. begins	Else I could go my Poem through,
15	4	W		Ere you could say Jack Adams.
16	5	T		
17	6	F	[Prisca,	And here I hope you'll let me stop
18	7	S	Q. C. birth d. k.	To count the Lines I've written;
19	8	E	2 S. aft. Epiph.	Tho' I don't skill that Critics will
20	9	M	Fab. in 8 daysof S	Be with those Lines much smitten.
21	10	T	Agnes [Hil. 1. ret	Well let the Muse her Aid refuse,
22	11	W	Vincent.	I'll make no Stir about her :
23	12	T	Hil. Term beg.	As I'm alive 'tis ten to five.
24	13	F		I now may do without her.
25	14	S	Conv. St. Paul.	
26	15	E	3 S. aft. Epi.	And now my verse (Muse kiss my A -
27	16	M	P. A. Frd. b. from	No Favours you have granted)
28	17	T	[St. H. in 15 d ret	Through Lines has gone three ten
29	18	W		and one,
30	19	T	K. Char. Mart.	And that's just what I wanted.
31	20	F		

N^o. 121.

Observ. in JANUARY.

M	Clock
D	bef. Sun

Now in Spite of pinching Weather
Lads and Lasses met together,
Brisk and lively, blythe and free,
Hail the Year of Eighty-three.

1	4	7
6	6	21
11	8	39
16	10	29
21	11	50
26	13	3

D	D	O
age	rises	ri. & set

1	28	6m. 32	viii. iii	N. B.
2	29	7 54	4 56	The Eclipses
3	N.	D sets	3 57	of Jove's S...
4	1	5 A 12	2 58	ilities are
5	2	6 43	1 59	not visible
6	3	8 12	0 14	this Month,
7	4	9 32	vii. 1	by reason of
8	5	10 48	59 1	Jupiter be
9	6	morn	58 2	ing so near
10	7	0 2	57 3	the Sun
11	8	1 16	56 4	Hewson.
12	9	2 30	55 5	Before to-
13	10	3 44	54 6	morrow to
14	11	4 56	53 7	our Sorrow,
15	12	6 4	52 8	we may be
16	13	7 0	51 9	inatch'd a-
17	14	7 46	50 10	way, then let
18	15	D rises	49 11	us think a-
19	16	5 A. 5	48 12	bout our
20	17	6 23	47 13	Drink, and
21	18	7 42	46 14	take it off
22	19	8 59	45 15	to Day
23	20	10 17	44 16	Strad. Sue.
24	21	11 36	42 17	Rosey Rob
25	22	morn	40 18	Mat. Mug
26	23	1 1	39 20	Devil Dic.
27	24	2 29	37 21	Jane Jog
28	25	3 58	36 22	Har. Luff
29	26	5 23	34 23	Ral. Wrig
30	27	6 31	32 24	
31	28	7 18	30 25	Fanatic's
				Feast.

Goodness! what a confused
Chaos.—what a jumble of Ideas
have I in my poor Brain. While
the merry ones are combating the
melancholy ones, a Tribe of silly
Reflections are in Arms against a
few solid Soliloquies, and so great is
the Ferment of opposite Fancies,
that was it not that I find my Eyes
stand above my Mouth; I could
positively swear that my Head was
set on the wrong Way.

Wretched is that Head whose
Brains are made of Bird-lime.—
My complaint is not the Want of
an Assemblage of Ideas, but a Want
of Arrangement.—There they stick
like Flies in a Tar-tub, and no Art
of mine can separate them: there
then let them adhere till like Au-
tumnal leaves they drop of them-
selves, while I pursue my ancient
Method—viz. the Mode of Wri-
ting without any Method at all.

Blythe was the morning (and
merrily rung the Bells.) which
ushered in the Year 1782. The
Nymphs, the Swains of the Ham-
let were all met to enjoy a Day
of Festivity.—A Playwright would
here give the Dramatis Personæ.
I shall take them occasionally.—
Dinner was now coming, when
Ramble bid them stand around and
he would perform Grace. He
pitch'd his voice to the Tune of
the March in Rinaldo, or as it is
in the Beggars Opera, "Let us take

FEBRUARY has XXVIII Days. P.R. 1783. | M | ☉ Dec. |
 | D | South.

New Moon	1	} Day at {	6 Hours, 50 M. Aft.	1	17	2
First Quarter	9		5 - - 18 Morn.	6	15	33
Full Moon	17		7 - - 1 Morn.	11	13	57
Last Quarter	24		11 - - 15 Morn.	16	12	15
☉ enters 36 18th. Day at 4 hours 36 Min. Aft.						
				21	10	28
				26	8	38

1	21	S	[D. V. M.	take the Road, &c." He then sung
2	22	E	4 S. aft. Epiph. Pur.	us follows:
3	23	M	Bla. On mor of	
4	24	T	[Pur. 3. ret.	
5	25	W	Athaga.	<i>The Bucks Grace.</i>
6	26	T		Let each take his Chair;
7	27	F		Hark! I hear the Sound of Feet, Sir,
8	28	S		Now bringing up the Meat, Sir,
9	29	E	5 S. aft. Epiph.	Let Politicks alone,
10	30	M	In 8 days of Pur.	See the Knife I bear;
11	31	T	[4 ret.	It is both bright and keen, Sir,
12	Fe	W	Hil. Term ends	Will flash through Fat and Lean, Sir
13	2	T		And leave nothing else but Bone.
14	3	F	Valentine [1555	Say what is that:
15	4	S	Hooper B. of G.	Now Waiter do you hear Sir,
16	5	E	Septuagesima S.	I want that Meat, more near Sir,
17	6	M	8 Stationary	Here give that Dish a Lift,
18	7	T	Mary Q. of Scots	Tis Veal right fat:
19	8	W	[beheaded	Behold a noble Loin, Sir,
20	9	T		As tempting, sweet, and fine, Sir,
21	10	F		As Molly in her Shift.
22	11	S		Come cut away,
23	12	E	Sexagesima Sun.	Oh when I see such plenty,
24	13	M	St. Mat. P. Ad. b	I wish for Bellies twenty,
25	14	T	Cam. T. div. n.	To feed from Noon 'till Noon,
26	15	W		Life's a short Play
27	16	T		And sure 'tis Pity sore, Sir
28	17	F		That Man can eat no more, Sir,
				And yet must die so soon.

Nº. 121. Observ. in FEBRUARY.

M Clock
D bef. ☉

Now January cold is past and gone,
And February moist does next come on,
The Sense we'll keep, the Sound we'll only vary,
I say next comes the Month of February.

1	14'	47"
6	14	33
11	14	40
16	14	28
21	13	58
26	13	13

1	N	D	sets	vii. vi.	Perdita	The Dinner was serv'd up ; the
2	15	A	30	24	36	Grace was sung ; while the younger Sort beat a Tattoo of Applause, the Graver Part said Grace to themselves mentally.
3	26		55	22	38	Now the roast, the boil'd, the bak'd, the stew'd stopt every Mouth; excepting when the good old Question was ask'd of what do you chuse ; or where shall I help you.
4	38		17	20	40	<i>Quid multis</i> , as Erasmus says. I love to speak a little Latin now and then ; it looks as if a Man had been at School some Time.
5	49		35	18	42	When Dinner was three Parts over, Nancy observ'd to Cicely, that Kitty seem'd sick and eat nothing. Cicely whisper'd in Nancy's Ear, by Way of Reply ; that she would not take any Body's good Name away for the World : but she wish'd from her Soul that she might not have Roger to thank for that.
6	510		51	17	44	What are you whispering about, says William ?— Nothing replied Nancy ; only she wish'd me to drink.— Come here's to our merry meeting next Pancake day.— Dinner ended ; Random was desired by the Juniors of the Company to sing a Grace after Meat, which he did as follows, to the Tune of
7	6	morn		15	46	Tantarrara, Rogues all.
8	70		7	13	47	
9	81		22	11	49	
10	92		37	10	51	
11	103		47	8	53	
12	114		48	6	55	
13	125		38	4	57	
14	136		15	3	58	
15	146		42	vi		
16	157		1	59	2	
17	16	D	rif.	57	4	
18	176	A	43	55	6	
19	188		1	53	8	
20	199		22	51	10	
21	2010		47	49	12	
22	21	morn.		47	14	
23	220		15	46	15	
24	231		44	44	18	
25	243		9	41	20	
26	254		24	39	22	
27	265		15	38	23	
28	275		50	36	25	

Germ. Joe

The Com-
bersnow will
all get drunk
as soaking
Tom, or
pocky Punk

Poor Robin
and the Fel-
low to him.

Still the Cold
makes very
bold

How sweetly
match'd each
Valentine.

Ralph was a
Ass and Sue
a Swine.

Motr. Eunch
Jen Wr ggle,
Robin Rofs.

Cold
February;
Maids be
wary

MARCH has xxxi Days P. Rob. 1783. M D D Decel South

New Moon the 3	} Day at {	7 Hours 13 M. Morn.	1	7	30
First Quarter the 11		2 Morn.	6	5	35
Full Moon the 18		9 23 M. Aft.	11	3	37
Last Quarter the 25		5 57 M. Aft.	16	1	39
☉ enters ♈ March 20th, 5h 4m. Aft.			21	N	18
			26	2	19

1	18	S	St. David [Chad.	Now the Table is cleared, ye Sons of
2	19	E	Quinquages. S.	the Trencher, [and his Wench, Sir
3	20	M		Each Buck take his Bottle, his Glafs,
4	21	T		Come fill up the Bumper and fir it round
5	22	W	Ash Wednesday	quicker, [and good Liquor
6	23	T		There's nothing in Life like fine Girls
7	24	F	Perpetua	Sing tantarrara, drink all, &c.
8	25	S	E. of Est. b. 1641	Come Chloe, and let me admire that
9	26	E	1st Sun. in Lent	sweet Face; [and each Grace
10	27	M		Contemplate each Dimple, each Charm
11	28	T		Not a Grace upon Earth for a Saint or a
12	M	W	Gregory.	Sinner [Dinner.
13	2	T	8 Stationary	Is so sweet as a Girl for a Grace after
14	3	F	Adm. Byng shot	Sing tantarrara Grace all, &c.
15	4	S	{ 1757	In Chloe my Lover my Charmer my friend
16	5	E	2 Sun. in Lent.	Deliciously all Contrarieties blend:
17	6	M	St. Patrick	No Mouse is more sleek, or no Hedge-
18	7	T	Ed. K. West Sax.	hog more rough, [more tough.
19	8	W		No Chicken more tender; no Bull-Beef
20	9	T		Sing tantarrara, kifs all, &c.
21	10	F	Benedict	The Muses are nine, and the Graces are
22	11	S		three; [for me:
23	12	E	3 Sun. in Lent	'Tis said so, but there may be thirty
24	13	M		But Grace has my Chloe as much as I chuse,
25	14	T	Lady Day	And Bacchus in pires meas well as a Muse.
26	15	W		Come now be the Toast to the next
27	16	T		merry Meeting; [and eating;
28	17	F		In kissing, and laughing, in drinking
29	18	S		Our Hours we'll employ Boys, since
30	19	E	4 Sun. in Lent	Life's but a Span, [we can
31	20	M		Let us make the most of it that ever
				The Sun in short Time shall withdraw
				his bright Blaze, [into Days,
				But we who like Gods can turn Nights
				Will stay from the East till he lifts up
				his head, [to Bed.
				And lends us his Light to go reeling

No. 121. Observ. in MARCH

M Clock
D bef. ☉

If it as some pretend be so
That Stars have Influence below:
'Tis hard on Wedlock now to venture,
When Sol a horned Sign does enter.

1	12	39"
6	11	33
11	10	16
16	8	51
21	7	20
26	5	47

1	28	D	ris.	vi.	v.	Why all this	He finish'd when Mopius, whose
2	29	6m	32	32	29	Clutter now	Hairs old Age had silvered o'er with
3	N	D	sets	30	31	I beg and pray,	white, arose, shook his venerable
4	1	7	A	12	28	O ho Cots	head, and with a Smile, which
5	2	8	30	26	35	plutter: 'tis	at once commanded both Love and
6	3	9	48	24	37	st. David's	Awe spoke as follows:
7	4	11	6	22	39	Day.	My young Friend; the only Son
8	5	morn.	20	41			of my old beloved Companion; I
9	6	0	21	18	43	Jane Joffle	perceive that you inherit your Fa-
10	7	1	34	16	45	Rou. Ral.	ther's Facetiousness, I only wish you
11	8	2	43	14	47	Da. Dam.	to temper it with Sensibility. Full
12	9	3	38	12	49		oft would he set the full Table in
13	10	4	19	10	51		a loud Laughter by a sprightly Flash
14	11	4	5	8	53		of Wit unexpected, and often
15	12	5	14	6	55	Now Lent is	would he silence the Roar of rude
16	13	5	28	4	57	in I pray	Merriment by a shrewd Remark.
17	14	5	40	2	59	forbear the	He is now at rest—And few his
18	15	D	ris.	1	59	crying Sin of	Equals has he left behind him.
19	16	7	A	12	v.	drinking	Mirth and Good-nature were his
20	17	8	35	59	1	Beer.	constant Attendants, and the Com-
21	18	10	5	58	3	Forbear	pany when he approached were al-
22	19	11	35	56	4	Meat Dishes,	ways in Spirits.—There is your
23	20	morn	55	5	5	As Jews do	Copy. You seem to enjoy his Vi-
24	21	1	5	54	7	Bacon.	vacuity, and I am certain if you will
25	22	2	22	52	9	Yet to your	have it no cheaper, Experience in
26	23	3	22	50	11	wishes or I'm	Time will give you his Knowledge.
27	24	4	2	48	14	mistaken,	I wish not to hinder Mirth: all I
28	25	4	28	43	17	You'll chuse	fear is, that in these wild Sallies,
29	26	4	47	40	20	a Dish,	some Tares of Intemperance may
30	27	5	3	38	23	the best of	be sown in youthful Minds, which
31	28	5	15	36	25	Fish.	nothing but a severe Repentance
							can eradicate, May Heaven grant
							that none here be either the Sow-
							ers or the Reapers.—Mirth, the
							Heart-cheering Cup, Women, and
							good Company are none of them
							contradictory to the Duties of Life

APRIL hath xxx Days.

M D North.

New Moon 1 } Day } 8 Hours 50 Min. Aft.
 First Quarter 9 } at } 9 40 Aft.
 Full Moon 17 } } 8 47 Morn.
 Last Quarter 24 } } 6 23 Morn.

☉ enters ♈ 26 Day at 5 hours 52 Min. Morn

1 4 36
 6 6 31
 11 8 22
 16 10 10
 21 11 54
 26 13 33

1	21	T	☉ eclips. invis.	but rather (when properly used)
2	22	W		Incitements to them. All I recommend
3	23	T	Rich. B of Chi.	is Reason and Moderation.
4	24	F	St. Ambrose.	And here with leave I will repeat some
5	25	S		Lines I compos'd upon the Death of
6	26	E	5. Sun. in Lent.	your venerable Father :
7	27	M		Say, Sons of Health, what are ye here
8	28	T		But Tenants of a Day ;
9	29	W		Soon shall a future Race appear,
10	30	T		And you be clad in Clay.
11	31	F	Cam. T. ends	Daughters of Beauty, what are ye
12	ap	S	Oxf. T. ends.	But Earth of finer Mould,
13	2	E	Palm Sunday	Soon shall that Beauty faded be
14	3	M		And soon those Corpse be cold
15	4	T		Beauty must fade and Strength decay
16	5	W		When Youth and Years are flown,
17	6	T		Then let's employ the present Day
18	7	F	Good Friday	To-morrow's not our own.
19	8	S	Alphege.	Let Beauty now inspire to Love,
20	9	E	Easter Day	But not to wild Desire ;
21	10	M	Easter Monday	The chafest Charms will best improve
22	11	T	Easter Tuesday	The sweet celestial Fire.
23	12	W	St. George.	Kind Feelings never quench ; Oh no,
24	13	T		For that is Man's chief End,
25	14	F	St. Mar. P. M. b.	Good-nature will o'ercome a Foe
26	15	S		And make that Foe a Friend.
27	16	E	Low Sunday,	This Damon, happy Soul, now own
28	17	M		While living proved true,
29	18	T		And when Death call'd, without a Groan
30	19	W	O. & Cam. T. be.	To Realms of Bliss he flew.

Observations in APRIL.

M Clock
D bef. ☉

Frost and Snow now hence away,
Welcome Spring and Flowers gay,
Flora's beauteous Lap t'adorn,
And welcome in May, long with'd Morn.

13 56
62 26
11 1 1
16 0 16 Aft.
21 1 25
26 2 22

1	N	D sets	v. vi.	All Fools
2	17	A 34	31 30	Day
3	28	51	29 32	
4	310	10	27 34	
5	411	26	25 36	He who is
6	5	morn	23 38	married
7	60	36	21 40	has either
8	71	36	19 42	miscarried,
9	82	23	17 44	or else he is
10	92	56	15 46	blessed for
11	103	21	13 48	Life,
12	113	42	11 50	If a Shrew
13	123	54	10 51	he has got,
14	134	7	8 53	then unhapy
15	144	19	6 55	his Lot,
16	154	31	4 57	but blest'd if
17	16	Rise	2 59	agoodnatur'd
18	17	A 18	iv. vii.	Wife.
19	180	51	58 3	Joe Lent
20	19	morn	56 5	D Muffon
21	200	16	54 7	Bob Scot
22	211	24	52 9	Jack Hurst
23	222	10	51 10	
24	232	41	49 12	
25	243	1	47 14	
26	253	16	45 16	Though here
27	263	28	43 18	these four do
28	273	38	41 20	stand in view,
29	283	48	40 21	I doubt they'r
30	294	0	22 22	better folks
				than you.

Random, with all his Failings on
his Head, had still fine Feelings in
his Heart. Suppose the Proportion
as 3 to 1, which puts me in mind
of the Old Woman's Smock. It is
said she had a very coarse one: but
continued she it is a whole Smock;
a clean Smock, and my own Smock;
so she drew it over her naked shoul-
ders with great Satisfaction, saying
at the same Time, these let me tell
you are three very good Properties.
Random whose Heart felt for all
that Mopsos had said with an open
Heart and a Tear of filial Affection
ran up to him.—Think not, said he,
that I will ever disgrace my dear
esteemed Parent.—No; I have a
Tear for the troubled Widow; a
sigh for the sorrowful Orphan;
a Heart which heaves at the Sight
of Misery, and a Purse which shall
always be open where honest Po-
verty calls for Relief.—I know it
well, said honest Jacob, he repair'd
the Side of a Cottage not his own
this very Winter, in Compassion to
some poor Babes who lay there.
The North Wind (said Ruth, as
she fill'd her flint Pipe) has pene-
trated every Crevice. Then said
her Husband Roger, as he took the
Tankard from his Lips, I doubt
the North Wind has made a Cuck-
old of me.—Come, said Simon, let
us be serious awhile.—Lucy, my

MAY has xxxi Days.

[M] Decl.
[D] North.

New Moon the 1	} Day at	11 H. 16 M. Morn.
First Quarter the 9		2 54 a't.
Full Moon the 16		5 31 a't.
Last Quarter the 23		7 40 Morn.
New Moon the 31		2 4 Morn.

☉ enters II 21 Day 6 Ho. 30 Min. Morn.

1	15°	7
6	16	34
11	17	55
16	19	8
21	20	13
26	21	9

1	20	T	St. Phil. & Jac.	Child sing my favourite Song.—
2	21	F		I can't remember it, said Lucy.
3	22	S	Inv. of the Cross.	Come then, said Richard, I'll sing
4	23	E	2d Sun. aft. Ea.	one. He began as follows :
5	24	M	E. in 15 d ret.	
6	25	T	J. Ev. ante P. lat.	<i>The easy Man.</i>
7	26	W	East. T. begins	Tune— <i>When the bright God of Day.</i>
8	27	T		Of Statesmen I've read ;
9	28	F		But, alas ! my poor Head
10	29	S		Was net made for Affairs of the Nation:
11	30	E	3d Sa. aft. East.	I can drink off my Can
12	M	M	From Easter in 3	And let every Man
13	2	T	[W. 2 ret.	Ast up to the Top of his Station.
14	3	W		Let the sage Devotees
15	4	T		Tieze the Gods as they please
16	5	F	Mahomet b. 570	With Devotions each day late and early:
17	6	S		I never plague Heav'n
18	7	E	4 Sun. aft. Ea.	More than one day in seven
19	8	M	Q. C. b. Dun. Fr.	And 'tis then for a good crop of Barley.
20	9	T	[2. in 1 Mo. 3 ret.	I've gain'd all my Ends
21	10	W		When I've drank with my Friends,
22	11	T	Prs. Eli. b. 1770.	And left them all hearty and well;
23	12	F		Which those who deny
24	13	S	Rogat. S.	Judge you by the bye
25	14	E	Hen. IV. Fr. kil.	Are they fittest for Heav'n or for Hell.
26	15	M	F. E. in 5 W. 4 ret	Blow high, or blow low,
27	16	T	V. B. [A. 1 A. C.	Come Hail, Rain, or Snow ;
28	17	W	restored	In my Parlour I'll sit at my Ease;
29	18	T	Ascen. E. C. II	With my Bottle and Glafs
30	19	F	Mor. of As. 5 ret.	And my favourite Lais,
31	20	S		For the rest, ye Gods, do as ye please

Observations in MAY.

M	Clock	
D	aft.	☉
1	3	7
6	3	39
11	3	56
16	4	0
21	3	49
26	3	25

In this month whatever the dronish may talk ;
 If weather permit, I advise you to walk.
 A walk now is well worth a hundred good pounds,
 If it was but a mile, all upon one's own grounds.

I	N	D	fets.	IV	VII
2	1	9	a 15	34	27
3	2	10	28	33	28
4	3	11	32	30	31
5	4	morn	28	33	
6	5	0	24	26	35
7	6	1	1	25	36
8	7	1	3	23	38
9	8	1	5	22	39
10	9	2	5	21	40
11	10	2	18	20	41
12	11	2	30	19	42
13	12	2	41	17	44
14	13	2	53	16	45
15	14	3	7	14	47
16	15	D	rises	13	48
17	16	9	a 53	11	50
18	17	11	11	10	51
19	18	morn	8	53	
20	19	0	8	6	54
21	20	0	43	4	55
22	21	1	8	3	56
23	22	1	25	2	58
24	23	1	37	1	59
25	24	1	49		
26	25	2		59	1
27	26	2	12	58	2
28	27	2	21	57	3
29	28	2	38	56	4
30	29	2	57	55	5
31	N	D	fets.	54	6

Cup.Hol

Now Lad-
and Lassies
sweetly toy-
ing ;

In their
Prime spend
their Time
in sweets
ne'er cloy-
ing.

Tom.Tofs
Matthew
Mug.

Now both
are at rest,
Who lov'd
Ale the best,
While liv-
ing could
ne'er be de-
cided :

And tho'
that each
Head,
Is laid down
as dead,
Yet dying
they were
not divided.

Tom
Tram.

Now what think you of that
Song said Anthony ?—Why faith
said Gripus, I think it is an idle
Song ; and I would not give a
Farthing for a dozen such. Give
me such Songs as I can sing to my
Servants, recommending Honef-
ty and hard Labour, Labour gets
Money, and Money makes a
Man while sloth loses it and looks
like a Monkey. Mind your
Business and your Business will
mind you,—He that would thrive
must rise by five.—Get Learning
says one.—Get Understanding
says another.—But I say get Mo-
ney.—Get all you can and part
with nothing. 'Tis an old say-
ing that Learning's better than
House or Land.—But I say that
Money's better than both :—For
if a man has Money he has no
occasion to puzzle his Head with
the former, and the latter he can
purchase when he likes.—Money
makes a Man rich ; and the want
of it often makes Rogues. A-
gain ; a rich Rogue can dine with
a Duke ; while a poor Rogue
may sup with the Devil. Some
say let me be a knowing Man ;
others let me be a Huntsman
Another would wish to be an Al-
derman ; but I say let me be a
monied Man.—'Tis Money makes
the Mare to go.
Come Jack, now for your Song.
—He sung as follows.

JUNE hath xxx Days.						M	Dec.
						D	North.
First Quarter	8	} Day at {	4 hours 59 min. Morn.	1	22	5	
Full moon	15		0 27 min. Morn.	6	22	41	
Last Quarter	21		4 51 min. Aft.	11	23	7	
New moon	29		5 0 min. Aft.	16	23	22	
☉ enters ☍. 27th day, 3 hours 12 min. Aft.				21	23	28	
				26	23	29	
1	21	E	Sun. aft. Afc. Nicomede				
2	22	M	Easter Term ends.	In solid Reflection, thus cried poor			
3	23	Tu		Cupid, [ribly stupid]			
4	24	W	K. G. III. bo. 1738	I think that the World is grown te			
5	25	Th	P. E. Augustus bo.	To Maidens of late, to let Plut			
6	26	F	[Ox. T. e. Boniface.	and Hymen [Lasses) to tie me			
7	27	S		Where Love is quite wanting (po			
8	28	E	Whitsunday	And while he was uttering this wit			
9	29	M	Whitf. Monday	a Sigh, [to go by			
10	30	Tu	W. Tu. Pr. Amel. b.	Old Plutus and Hymen just chance			
11	31	W	St. Barnabas	Do you hear that sad Rogue? It w			
12	June	Th		Plutus who spoke: [not in jok			
13	2	F		His Accent was rough; for he w			
14	3	S		So in they both went: Plutus fa			
15	4	M	Trinity Sunday	as he walk'd on,			
16	5	M	On Mor. of H. Fr.	Do you know you young Rascal 'tw			
17	6	Tu	St. Alban [1 Ret.	me whom you talked on,			
18	7	W	Ox. Term begins	Pert Cupid reply'd, I was talking			
19	8	Th		two then; [be you the			
20	9	F	Transf. of Edw. K.	And one was a Villain, so that m			
21	10	S	[Trin. T. begins	Walk out you old Scoundrel witho			
22	11	E	1 Sun. aft. Trin	more to do;			
23	12	M	In 8d. of H. Tr. 2 Rt.	For I am a God too as well Sir as yo			
24	13	Tu	Nat. of St. John Bap.	I mind not your Riches; I ca			
25	14	W		nought about you; [out yo			
26	15	Th		For Hymen and I can do better wit			
27	16	F		So out he turn'd Plutus and set hi			
28	17	S		a going, [and blowing			
29	18	M	1 Sun. aft. Trin. St. P	A damning and swearing and puff			
30	19	M	In 15d. of H. T. 3 Rt.	To think that there should, as			
				little expected, (neglecte			
				A God of his Consequence thus			
				Well come now, said Hymen, le			
				fix on a Place, [tual Embrace			
				Where Love and Contentment & m			
				In safety may live & enjoy their sw			
				So Hymen & Cupid agree'd on a Cōt			

Observations in JUNE.

M	D	Clock	aft. Sun.
---	---	-------	-----------

If Friends advise to go and drink,
Why faith they Reason well I think :
But at your drinking pray take care.
That all be Ale. — Avoid small Beer.

1	2	38	
6	1	49	
11	6	52	
16	bef	8	
21	1	12	
26	2	17	

1	1	10	a	17	III	VIII	David	Thank you, thank you said the
2	2	10	59	52	8	8	Simple	Company.—And doubly thank
3	3	11	30	51	9	9	Duke	you, said Molly with a smirk.—
4	4	11	52	50	10	10	Reynolds	I must beg a Copy of this said
5	5	morn		49	11	11		Random :—it just suits my Hu-
6	6	0	9	48	12	12	Now Lads	mour.
7	7	0	23	48	12	12	beware,	Gripts was ill at Ease ; it
8	8	0	34	47	13	13	and get and	did not suit his at all. Why
9	9	0	43	47	13	13	spare.	the Devil fetch her said Jack.
10	10	0	54	47	13	13	Remember	Fetch who, quoth Luke ?—Why
11	11	1	7	46	14	14	old Age ;	don't you see that silly, self-
12	12	1	23	46	14	14	Say People	conceited, ugly, insignificant
13	13	1	45	46	14	14	who're sage	Devil, that Miss Minniking
14	14	2	19	45	15	15	Yet do not	coming.
15	15	D rises		45	15	15	long tarry,	All Pleasure is now over.—
16	16	10	a	34	16	16	before that	Come let us club for the Rec-
17	17	11	4	44	16	16	you marry ;	koning and be gone.—I had ra-
18	18	11	24	43	17	17	Though it's	ther be pox'd than plagued with
19	19	11	39	43	17	17	not my in-	her Company. You shall not
20	20	11	51	43	17	17	tention,	Part, says Random, upon her
21	21	morn		43	17	17	With those	Account ; If you my dear Lucy
22	22	0	2	43	17	17	I shall men-	will favour the Company with
23	23	0	12	43	17	17	tion.	that Fable you repeated to me
24	24	0	23	44	16	16	Doll dir-	the other Day ; I will take her
25	25	0	38	44	16	16	ty paps.	off your Hands.—On that con-
26	26	0	57	44	16	16	Mary	dition I will said Lucy. Hea-
27	27	1	21	45	15	15	Muck.	ven inspire me with Impudence
28	28	1	56	45	15	15	Jane	said Random ; and if there be
29	29	N D sets		45	15	15	Jump.	not enough ; Helt help it out.
30	30	1	9	a	28	14	Peggy	Lo : here she comes.—Ladies
				46			Pox'em.	and Gemmen, votre tres hum-
							Sally	ble.—Lillies and Roses were
							Suckit.	never so blended as in that fair
								Face, quoth Random.—I insist
								upon you sitting by the side of
								me.—Well, Sir, what is your

JULY hath xxxi Days.				M D.	☉ Decl North.
First quarter the	7	} Day at	3 Hours 52 min. aft.	1	23 8
Full Moon the	14		6 56 min. morn.	6	22 42
Last quarter the	21		4 36 min. morn.	11	22 7
New Moon the	29		7 55 min. morn.	16	21 23
☉ enters ♈ 23d day at 2 hours 2 min. morn.				21	20 29
				26	19 27
1	20	Fu	Camb. Commence.	Entertainment?—Songs, Madam.—	
2	21	W	Visit. of B. V. M.	I doubt, said she, too indelicate.—	
3	22	Th	Dog Days begin	Jefts, Madam.—I fear too coarse.—	
4	23	F	Transf. of St. Mar.	What's your Taste, Madam.—History—	
5	24	S	Cam. Te. ends	—You shall have one immediately.—	
6	25	S	3 Sun. aft. Trin.	So turning to Jack.—Now, said he,	
7	26	M	In 3 W. of H. T.	for a fluent Tongue, with a—Lye	
8	27	Tu	[4 ret.	at the End of it.	
9	28	W	Trin. Term ends	The Company now desired Lucy to	
10	29	Th		repeat the Verses before mentioned	
11	30	F		—Lucy blushed, and smiling said, I	
12	July	S	Oxford Aft.	was hardly fit for a Maiden to recite	
13	2	S	4 Sun. aft. Trin.	in Public, although it carried a Mo-	
14	3	M		ral with it; however, said she, as	
15	4	Tu	Swithen & Station.	here are none but Friends and	
16	5	W		Neighbours, I'll do it if it will not	
17	6	Th		disoblige Miss Minikin.—Oh, Ma-	
18	7	F		'am, said Minnikin, I shall attend	
19	8	S	Oxford Term ends	to Mr. Random's History. Lucy	
20	9	S	5 Sun. aft. Trin.	began.	
21	10	M	[Margaret.	<hr/>	
22	11	Tu	Mary Magdalen	<i>Phillida, Time and the Thief</i>	
23	12	W		A F A B L E.	
24	13	Th		OLD furrowed Time with wrink-	
25	14	F	St. James.	ed face	
26	15	S	St. Ann.	Still hobbles on one constant pace;	
27	16	S	6 Sun. aft. Trin.	From night to day, from day to night	
28	17	M		Through regions dark, and realms	
29	18	Tu		light :	
30	19	W		Nor winters storms, nor summer	
31	20	Th		Can stop his course, but on he runs	
				Mortals at variance here below,	
				Whether he move too fast or slow	
				Assert by different wills inclin'd,	
				He creeps like snail, or flies like wind	

Phillida, Time and the Thief.

A FABLE.

OLD furrowed Time with wrink-
ed face

Still hobbles on one constant pace;
From night to day, from day to night,
Through regions dark, and realms of
light: [fune

Nor winters storms, nor summer's
Can stop his course, but on he runs.

Mortals at variance here below,
Whether he move too fast or slow
Assert by different wills inclin'd,
He creeps like snail, or flies like wind

Observations in July.

M	Clock
D.	aft. ☉
1	3 18
6	4 13
11	4 58
16	5 32
21	5 54
26	6 2

Now lasses fly the giddy youth,
 Nor on the haycock tempt him Ruth :
 For who from frailties e'er can be exempt,
 When strong desires prevail, and leering lasses tempt.

1	2	9 a	51	3	13
2	3	10	9 47	13	
3	4	10	23 47	13	
4	5	10	35 48	12	
5	6	10	46 48	12	
6	7	10	55 49	11	
7	8	11	7 50	10	
8	9	11	21 51	9	
9	10	11	39 52	8	
10	11	morn	53	7	
11	12	o	6 54	6	
12	13	o	47 55	5	
13	14	1	49 56	4	
14	15	D rises	57	3	
15	16	9 a	21 58	2	
16	17	9	38 59	1	
17	18	9	52		
18	19	10	4 14	59	
19	20	10	14 2	58	
20	21	10	26 3	57	
21	22	10	40 5	55	
22	23	10	57 7	53	
23	24	11	19 8	52	
24	25	11	51 10	50	
25	26	morn	11 49		
26	27	o	36 13	47	
27	28	1	32 14	46	
28	29	2	37 15	45	
29	N	D sets	16 44		
30	1	8 a	29 17	43	
31	2	8	40 18	42	

Tom
 Touchit
 Ned
 Needy
 Nell
 Nogger
 Jane
 Jogger

Now friends
 I pray
 Mind what
 I say ;
 Neglect
 your play,
 And go to
 th' hay.
 Now will it
 rain,
 Or wilt be
 fair
 I know not
 which
 I do declare.
 And if the
 conjurers
 you fly to,
 Why saith
 they know
 no more
 than I do.

Tom
 Osborne

This story said Random, I copied from a manuscript of my old friend Sir Robert ; a history which I suppose he designed to give in some of his future annual productions ; but with his leave I will make bold to take the start of him. I think, said William, he had better end his tale of the Witch of the Woodlands before he begins another :—He be burned said Nancy ;—He will either be hanged, or drink himself to death before that day ; and then he will serve us as he did last year, with his story of Sylvia and Coridon.—I don't like your author, says Minikin.—Pray, sir, is there nothing in it offensive to chaste ears ?—Nothing, upon my soul, Madam, said Random, and in order to prove my assertion --I solemnly assure you that there is neither maid, matron, nor midwife concerned in the whole story. No, --I again assert it :--This is no love romance.--No history of nations and governments, ancient or modern.--No tale of revolutions in states.--No lives of princes or the greater potentates, their ruling ministers.--No, madam.--It is a history founded upon fact.--A history which contains the very marrow of all the seven sciences.--Upon a subject never before thought of :--

August hath xxxi Days.					M	Dec. North.	
					D		
First Quarter	6	} Day {	o Hours 6 Min. Morn.		1	18	1
Full Moon	12		2	17 Min. afr.	6	16	42
Last Quarter	19		7	19 Min. afr.	11	15	16
New Moon	27		10	33 Min. Night.	16	13	44
☾ enters 23d day 8 h. 21 Min. Morn.					21	12	6
					26	10	24
1	21	F	Lammas	But be instructed by my song			
2	22	S		That time moves right, but you			
3	23	E	7 Sun. aft. Trin	judge wrong.			
4	24	M		'Twas underneath an-oaken shade			
5	25	Tu		Young Phillida with Collin play'd:			
6	26	W	Transfiguration	While lock'd in close embrace they			
7	27	Th	Name of Jesus [1540	lie, [not fly:			
8	28	F	Cromw.E.Eff.beh.	The swain proves kind, the nymph			
9	29	S		Each each enjoying, neither want			
10	30	E	8 Sun. aft. Trin.	What heart can wish, or love can grant.			
11	31	M	DD.e[St.Laurence	Anon the ev'ning shades prevail;			
12	Aug.	Tu	Pr.of W.A.b.1762.	Sad parting hour; ah, mournful tale;			
13	1	W		Prf. of Brunsw. b. 1737.			
14	2	Th		When Phillida the charming maid			
15	3	F		Thus to her much lov'd Collin said,			
16	4	S	Pr. Fred. b: 1763	The day's past on with wond'rous			
17	5	E	9 Sun. aft. Trin.	haste, [fast.			
18	6	M		And chid the hours which flew so			
19	7	Tu		Old Time lym'p'd by, and shook			
20	8	W		his head, [said,			
21	9	Th	Pr. W. H. b. 1762	Blink'd with his eye and sneering			
22	10	F		Alas poor girl; thoult hardly say,			
23	11	S		I move too fast another day.			
24	12	E	10 Sun. aft. Trin	Just at the end of yonder wood,			
25	13	M		Beneath the bank a Robber stood			
26	14	Tu		In wait for one who needs must ride			
27	15	W		(Ah hapless man) by that wood's side.			
28	16	Th	t. Aug usfine	Long had he watch'd the setting sun,			
29	17	F	Decol. St. J. Baptist	Curs'd crawling Time, and bad him			
30	18	S		run.			
31	19	E	11 Sun. aft. Trin.	Time nothing said, but gave a nod,			
	20			Looked askew, and on he trod.			
				Here rest nine months, and let him go			
				From flow'ry meads to fields of snow.			
				Nine months are past, proceed			
				my rhyme,			
				Poor Phillida's just at her time.			

Observations in August,

M	D	Clock
		aft. ☉
1	5	53
6	5	29
11	4	49
16	3	55
21	2	49
26	1	31

Industrious countrymen and neighbours,
May heav'n reward your honest labours,
Whoever loiters now, the slothful idle finner
Deserves to starve till doom's-day after dinner.

Mouth-
ing
Moll
Penelope
Cerberus

and treated in a manner never
before attempted.--It is—but
I will give it you in his own
words.

The History of four Potatoes,

Now far-
mers cry out
neighbours
come,
Work hard
and think
of harvest
home;
While little
birds on ev-
'ry tree;
Chaunt
forth their
tuneful me-
lody;
To cheer
your hearts
my honest
neighbours;
While you
pursue your
useful la-
bours.

IT is good to understand all
the arts;—all the sciences.—
No one knows what he may
want in his journey through life.

I am the further convinced of
this from an accident which
lately happened.—There were
four Potatoes roasting at the fire
for our two dinners; when in
came three friends, and said
they would dine with me.—
Now I could get no more pota-
toes, either for love or money.—
Not for love; because my neigh-
bours all wanted to borrow.—
Not for money; because I had
none.—Now as old English hos-
pitality teaches us to make as
much of our friends as we would
of ourselves;—I went privately
into my study to consider how
we must fairly divide this din-
ner of ours.

First I consulted all the au-
thors who treated on logic.—
There I found definitions, divi-
sions, argumentations, proposi-
tions categorical and hypotheti-
cal, dilemmas and syllogisms.—
In short I found the whole art

SEPTEMBER hath xxx Days.					M D	☉ Decl. North.
First Quarter	4	} Day at {	6 Hours 37 min. Morn.		1	8 15
Full moon	10		11 36 min. at Night.		6	6 24
Last Quarter	18		9 54 min. Aft.		11	4 31
New moon	26		9 26 min. Aft.		16	2 36
☉ enters ♈ 23d day at 4 h. 40 min. Morn.					21	0 39
					26	1 So. 17
1	21	M	Giles	Behold the fatal hour at hand;		
2	22	Tu	London burnt 1666	And at her feet the midwife stand:		
3	23	W		Oh! Oh! she cries, and gives a shriek;		
4	24	Th		This dreadful hour--it seems a week		
5	25	F		The thief was taken, try'd, & cast		
6	26	S	Jul. Cæs. landed 55	And now arriv'd at day his last.		
7	27	M	12 Sun. aft. Trin	In dolefull dumps he stands, for why,		
8	28	M	Nat. of V. Mary	That very hour the Rogue must die.		
9	29	Tu		The psalm was sung, the pray'r was		
10	30	W		read, [said;		
11	31	Th		And what was meet the priest had		
12	Sep.	F	Sir Ric. Steel died	The rope was fix'd, and ah! he cry'd		
13	2	S	(1729	How swift alas the moments glide.		
14	3	M	13 Sun. aft. Tr	O, ho, said Time; it was not so		
15	4	M	[Holy Cross	Under the bank awhile ago;		
16	5	Tu	Bloo. Bonner died	Or creep, or fly, do what I will.		
17	6	W	Lambert (1569	I cannot please both you and Phill.		
18	7	Th		With her a minute seems for aye:		
19	8	F	24 Stationary	With thee a twelvemonth scarce a		
20	9	S		day.		
21	10	M	14 Sun. aft. Trin	Go then in future silly elves,		
22	11	M	K. Geo. III. cro	St. Matthew		
23	12	Tu		And blame not time but blame your-		
24	13	W		selves.		
25	14	Th		And as you diff'rent tracks pursue,		
26	15	F	St. Cyprian	Wait you on me, not I on you.		
27	16	S		So on he trod with wonted haste;		
28	17	M	15 Sun. aft. Trin	The great, the little hour soon pass'd,		
29	18	M	St. Mich. Pr. Cha. b	Poor Phill, soon found her pangs		
30	19	Tu	St. Jerome	were o'er,		
				And soon the Rascal was no more.		

Observations in SEPTEMBER.						M	Clock	
						D	aft.	Sun.
With pleasure now stands the man who lets lands,						1	0	13
And every landlord will say it ;						6	1	50
They hold it is meeter, and find it much sweeter						11	3	32
To take money than 'tis to pay it.						16	5	17
						21	7	2
						26	8	44
1	5	7 a	53			H. Ireton		
2	6	8	14	15	44	BlackBess		
3	7	8	42	17	42	Queen of		
4	8	9	27	19	40	Sluts		
5	9	10	31	21	38	Tyburn's		
6	10	11	52	23	36	Glory		
7	11	morn	25		34	Liquor for		
8	12	1	24	27	32	man,		
9	13	2	58	29	30	The best		
10	14	4	29	31	28	that can be,		
11	15	d rises.	33		26	Is not small		
12	16	6 a	49	35	24	beer,		
13	17	7	23	37	22	Nor is it		
14	18	7	16	39	20	brandy.		
15	19	7	35	41	18	One is too		
16	20	7	58	43	16	weak, and		
17	21	8	36	45	14	the other		
18	22	9	21	47	12	too strong ;		
19	23	10	22	49	10	Then stick		
20	24	11	33	51	8	to ale and		
21	25	morn	53		6	drink along.		
22	26	0	47	55	4	Jack		
23	27	2	4	57	2	Brock		
24	28	3	20	59		Charon		
25	29	4	36		58	Mother		
26	N	d sets.	3		56	Dobs		
27	1	5 a	57	5	54	Julian the		
28	2	6	11	7	52	Apostate		
29	3	6	29	9	50	Michaelm.		
30	4	6	55	11	48	tide		
						Now rents		
						provide		

of chopping logic ; but not a word about chopping my potatoes.

I next applied myself to Rhetoric.—I there saw, invention, disposition, elocution and pronunciation — Definition, notation, conjugation, genus, species, similitude, dissimilitude, contraries, comparisons, causes, effects and adjuncts, antecedents and consequences.— I saw at last that by dint of persuasion I could make black appear white, or white black ;—but not a single line to prove that four potatoes made five.

I next applied myself to Astronomy.—There I ran through a whole heap of harsh names, such as the hemisphere, the horizon, the equinoctial, the zodiac, the colures, the tropicks, together with the circles polar, artic and antarctic, &c.—Then I examined the constellations. There was Auriga, Aquarius, Bootes, Perseus, Orion and Gemini ; but the devil of a potatoe merchant could I find among them.

At last I got into a dispute between Sir Isaac Newton and a French mathematician about the figure of the earth ; whether it was an oblate spheroid or an oblong one. That is in other words, whether it was shaped like a turnip or a potatoe. I am

OCTOBER hath xxxi. Days.

M	Decl.
D	South

First Quarter	3	} Day {	0 hours 39 min. Aft.	
Full Moon	10		11	26 min. Morn.
Last Quarter	18		8	37 min. Morn.
New Moon	26		1	9 min. Morn.

☉ enters 17th 23^d day at 1^h. 42 min. Aft.

1	3	14
6	5	10
11	7	5
16	8	57
21	10	46
26	12	31

1	20	W	Remigius Bishop
2	21	Th	
3	22	F	Gardiner Bp. Wor-
4	23	S	(cester died 1555
5	24	E	16 Sun. aft. Trin.
6	25	M	Faith
7	26	Tu	
8	27	W	
9	28	Th	St. Denys
10	29	F	Ox. and C.T. ends
11	30	S	
12	Oct.	E	7 Sun. aft. Trin.
13	2	M	Trans. of K. Ed. C.
14	3	Tu	
15	4	W	
16	5	Th	
17	6	F	Etheldred, V.
18	7	S	St. Luke
19	8	E	18 Sun. aft. Trin.
20	9	M	
21	10	Tu	
22	11	W	
23	12	Th	
24	13	F	
25	14	S	K.G.III. Ac Crisp
26	15	E	19 Sun. aft. Trin.
27	16	M	
28	17	Tu	St. Simon and Jude
29	18	W	
30	19	Th	
31	20	F	

S O N G.

In Search of an honest man sure
in the dumps,
You may travel through life till you
walk on your stumps ;
But if that to findout a rogue is your
plan, [sure he's your man.
Take the first that you meet & I'm
Sing tantararara, rogues all.
The parson will pull you a long
bible face, [all over grace ;
And you'd think by his looks he was
He'll tell you of mysteries, talk of
the trinity, (divinity.
But pull off his gown and away goes
Sing tantara, &c.
The Doctor who plagues us with
potion and bolus, (to hole us ;
As if he was hir'd by the sexton
You'll find his recipes for every
evil (tor the devil.
A heap of old lies for that doc
Sing tantara, &c.
The devil fetch Lawyers the peo
ple will cry ; (you for why :
I think they are wrong, and I'll tell
The devil (good people) is not such
an elf (of himself.
As to come for a man who will go
K. G.III. proclamation.
The Gardener likewise whose
conscience advises (his prices
Much rather than feed us and lower
to bury the fruits of the earth in
the dark tho' (scarcrow.
He's sure to be stuck up in hell for a
Sing tantara, &c.

Observations in OCTOBER.

M D Clock
aft. Sun.

Oh could my luckless muse but get a list,
Pd sing in lofty strains the twenty-fifth;
Th' important day; oh ne'er to be forgot
While boots or shoes are made by drunken sot.

1	10	21
6	11	52
11	13	13
16	14	22
21	15	16
26	15	53

1	5	7	a	35	6	5
2	6	8		32	14	45
3	7	9		47	16	43
4	8	11		14	18	41
5	9	morn			20	39
6	10	0		43	22	37
7	11	2		12	24	35
8	12	3		27	26	33
9	13	5		1	28	31
10	14)	rises		30	29
11	15	5	a	30	32	27
12	16	5		47	34	25
13	17	6		9	36	23
14	18	6		39	38	21
15	19	7		22	40	19
16	20	8		17	42	17
17	21	9		22	44	15
18	22	10		37	46	13
19	23	11		52	47	12
20	24	morn			49	10
21	25	1		7	51	8
22	26	2		22	53	6
23	27	3		38	55	4
24	28	3		56	57	2
25	29	4		16	59	4
26	N)	sets		7	58
27	1	5	a	4	3	56
28	2	5		38	5	54
29	3	6		30	7	52
30	4	7		41	9	50
31	5	9		5	11	48

Tom
Thumb
Laurence
Lackwit
Blue
Beard

The good
wives now
you may
suppose fir,
Will cry at
night, come
love lie
closer.

Now if you
please
Lay in your
cheefe.

And do good
souls
Remember
coals.

And when
your doing
Think on
brewing.

Bold
Garton
Busy Ben

upon a right scent now thought
l. Away went the learned, and
measured two degrees, one to-
wards the equator and one to-
wards the pole.—They returned
and gave a verdict in favour of
Sir Isaac Turnip, which knock'd
my potatoes quite out of the
question.

Here Richard was called on
for a song.—Richard begun his
song, and Random continued his
story.

I looked next into Botany and
Grammar. The one said it was
a wholesome root, and the other
that it was a nounsubstantive. I
know all that said I.

I next applie myself to Arith-
metic. I took down all my
books from antique Hodder to
modern Dilworth. Oh said
Arithmetic, I can set you to
rights at once. Four fifths of a
potatoe each will just do your busi-
ness. Very true, replied I, but there
are no two potatoes alike; and
four fifths of a small potatoe are
certainly not so large as four
fifths of one of greater dimen-
sions.

I next had recourse to Geome-
try. There I found points the
origin of lines. Lines producing
superficial bodies, and those pro-
ducing solid ones. There I read
of lines straight, curved, and pa-

NOVEMBER hath xxx Days.

M	Decl.
D	South.
1	14 30
6	16 3
11	17 29
16	18 48
21	19 59
26	21 0

First Quarter	1	} Day at {	7 hours 26 min. Aft.
Full Moon	9		2 1 min. Morn.
Last Quarter	17		7 1 min. Morn.
New Moon	24		0 40 Aft.

☉ enters 1st 22d day at 3 h. 53 min. Morn.

1	21	S	All Saints	The Baker who pinches the poor of their bread,
2	22	F	20 S. aft. T. Pr. Ed. b	Would do well to reflect how he'll
3	23	M	All Souls.	shake a rogue's head.
4	24	Tu	[Prf. Soph. b]	When summoned by death he's ap-
5	25	W	Powder Plot 1605	pointed to go, (low.
6	26	Th	Leonard M. T. beg	From the oven above to the oven be-
7	27	F	D. Cum. born 1745	Sing tantara, &c.
8	28	S	Prf Aug. So. b. 1768	The Taylor likewise I could wish
9	29	E	21 Sun. aft. Trin	in his case, (grace ;
10	30	M	21 Sun. aft. Trin	A little less cabbage, a little more
11	31	Tu	St. Martin & Statio.	That with joy he might part from
12	Nov.	W	On Mor. of S. M. 2 R.	his children and wife,
13	2	Th	Britius (Cam. T. d.	When the sheers of the fates cuts
14	3	F		the remnant of life.--Sing tan.
15	4	S	Machutus	The Butcher, the Farmer, the Fac-
16	5	E	22 Sun. aft. Trin	tors who feel
17	6	M	Hugh Bp. of Lincoln	No wants of their own, yet with
18	7	Tu	In 8d. of St. M. 3 Ret.	hearts made of steel ;
19	8	W		If thus they go on fir, the truth of
20	9	Th	Edmund, K. & M.	all truths is
21	10	F		Tho' our stomachs be foul yet our
22	11	S	Cecilia	teeth will be useless.-Sing tan.
23	12	E	23 Sun. aft. Trin	For all other trades, let them not
24	13	M	(St. Clement	take it ill, [of my bill ;
25	14	Te	D. of Gl. b. in 15d	If for brevity's sake they're left out
26	15	W	(of St. Mar. 4. Ret.	Since rascals there will be in every
27	16	Fi		station, (much thin the nation.
28	17	F	Michaelm. T. ends	And were they all hang'd it would
29	18	S	Card. Foledied 1558	Sing tantara, &c.
30	19	E	Adv. S. St. Andrew	The prudes and coquets shall mv
				song ne'er perplex, (sex ;
				For ladies to tell you I love the whole
				I wish them in Heav'n, for the De-
				vil they'd tire, (stories high'r.
				And hell must be built at least two
				Sing tantara, &c.

Observations in NOVEMBER.

M	Clock
D	aft. Sun.

Hymns 'gainst Tellus now in Ire

1 16 13

On Flora's relics makes a rape:

6 16 8

Haste; broach the barrel; mend the fire;

11 15 43

I pray let me be out o'th scrape,

16 14 57

21 13 49

26 12 21

1	6	10	a	36	7	4	See careful	parallel. Of angles right and
2	7	morn		14	45		of spending	oblique; obtuse and acute; lines
3	8	o		4	16	43	Be wary in	right and versed. Cosines, tan-
4	9	1		28	18	41	lending.	gents, and secants. Radii, per-
5	10	2		49	20	39	Guy Fauks	pendiculars, and hypotenuses —
6	11	4		8	21	38		I considered the triangle, the
7	12	5		27	23	36	And re-	square, the parallelogram, the
8	13	6		47	24	35	member this	rhombus and the rhomboides, the
9	14	D	rises	26	33		world's but	trapezium, the circular and mul-
10	15	4	a	40	28	31	a bad one to	tangular plane. But all this had
11	16	5		19	29	30	mend in.	nothing to do with my potatoes.
12	17	6		9	31	29		I next considered the doctrine
13	18	7		11	33	27	Mother	of solids.—I looked over Eu-
14	19	8		20	34	25	Redcap	clid, Apollonius, &c. &c. I con-
15	20	9		34	36	23	Jack	templated the cube, the paralle-
16	21	10		48	37	22	Adams	lopipedon, the cone, the cylin-
17	22	morn		38	21		Joe	der, and the sphere, the conse-
18	23	o		2	40	19	Jingle.	ctions and the five regular bo-
19	24	1		16	42	18		dies;—but the devil a word
20	25	2		30	43	17	Your credit	could I find in them all how to
21	26	3		47	44	15	to raise, and	measure a potatoe.
22	27	5		11	46	14	replenish	Geometry still promised fair.
23	28	6		46	48	12	your purse,	For said he, take a vessel of a
24	N	D	sets	49	11		Pray spare	known capacity; fill it with wa-
25	1	4	a	15	50	10	neither	ter, then immerse your potatoes
26	2	5		22	51	9	trouble nor	and note the quantity of water
27	3	6		43	52	8	pains:	they dislodge. I know your
28	4	8		14	53	7	For wanting	meaning said I, but I fear that
29	5	9		42	54	6	the Abridgement of the Statutes;	will hurt them.—The next book
30	6	11		9	55	5	of cash is	I opened was the 145th vol. of
							looked on as	the Abridgement of the Statutes;
							worse,	when luckily opening the folio
							Than 'tis to	to the 1097th page, I found an
							be wanting	old act about the selling of pota-
							of brains.	toes whether by measure or
								weight. This instantly put the
								doctrine of statics into my head.

DECEMBER hath xxxi Days:

 M ☉ Decl.
D ☌ South

First Quarter the	1	} Day at {	4 hours 7 Min. Morn.	1	21	52
Full Moon	8		7 2 Min. Even.	6	22	32
Last Quarter	17		0 15 Min. Morn.	11	23	2
New Moon	23		11 21 Min. After.	16	23	21
First Quarter	30		3 29 Min. After.	21	23	28
☉ enters ♍ 21st day at 9 hours 13 min. aft.				26	23	23

1	20	M		Thus Damon spoke, and feebly
2	21	Tu		rais'd his head,
3	22	W	Porto Bello ta. 1739	To sons and daughters weeping
4	23	Th		round his bed;
5	24	F		Oh come dear children, close my
6	25	S	Nicholas	fixing eyes, (ver rise.
7	26	S	2 Sun. in Advent	To-morrow's fun to me will ne-
8	27	M	Concep. of B.V.M	Wipe the cold sweat from off my
9	28	Tu		dying face, (brace;
10	29	W	R.Mort.E.M.hang	And take my blessing and my last em-
11	30	Th	(1330.	Then see me pay the debt to Nature
12	Dec.	F		due; (time must you.
13	2	S	Lucy, V. & M.	Thus did our fires, and thus in
14	3	S	3 Sun. in Advent	Spring shall revive, summer again
15	4	M		shall burn; (mourn:
16	5	Tu	O.Sap. C. T. ends	Autumn rejoice, and future winters
17	6	W	Oxford Term ends	Fresh flow'rs shall bloom, but 'tis
18	7	Th		not so with man, (narrow span,
19	8	F		He dies, and there concludes life's
20	9	S		Be virtuous children soon like me
21	10	S	4 Sun. in Advent	you must (to dust.
22	11	M	(St. Thomas	Give up the ghost; like me soon tu'n
23	12	Tu	Capt. Death kill'd,	Then launched from life may you
24	13	W	(1757.	attain that shore (be no more.
25	14	Th	Christmas day	Where pleasure reigns, and pain shall
26	15	F	St. Stephen.	Remember this, be faithful, just,
27	16	S	St. John	and true;
28	17	S	1 Sun. af. Christmas	Do so to all as all should do to you:
29	18	M	(H. Innocent's.	My dearest offspring, oh kind heav'n
30	19	Tu		may they (clay
31	20	W	Silvester B. Rome	Right happy be when I am clad in
				Thus Damon did the pow'rs a-
				bove invoke, (he spoke;
				And bow'd his dying head; again
				Have mercy heav'n; forgive my
				follies past: (groan'd his last.
				I faint: I die.---He sigh'd and

Observations in DECEMBER.

M Clock
D aft. Sun.

Now he ere long who could but would not
In harvest labours take a share;
I think 'tis very right he should not
Partaker be of Christmas fare.

1 10 34
6 8 33
11 6 18
16 3 55
21 1 25
26 1 bef 5

1	7	morn	7	4
2	8	0 32	58	2
3	9	1 52	59	1
4	10	3 9	3	●
5	11	4 27	●	3
6	12	5 44	1	59
7	13	7 1	2	58
8	14	D rises	3	57
9	15	3 a 55	4	56
10	16	4 52	5	55
11	17	5 59	6	55
12	18	7 9	6	54
13	19	8 23	6	54
14	20	9 36	6	54
15	21	10 48	7	53
16	22	11 59	7	53
17	23	morn	7	53
18	24	1 14	8	52
19	25	2 32	8	52
20	26	3 55	8	52
21	27	5 22	8	52
22	28	6 52	8	52
23	29	D sets	8	52
24	N	4 a 0	8	52
25	1	5 31	7	53
26	2	7 6	7	53
27	3	8 37	7	53
28	4	10 3	6	54
29	5	11 22	6	54
30	6	morn.	5	55
31	7	1 37	4	56

Snotty
Sue
Devil
Dick.

New winter
approaches
don't hoard
up your
store;
Oh be not
such miserly
elves:
but when
Christmas
shall come,
Pray re-
member the
poor;
The rich
can remem-
ber them-
selves.

Tom
Trap

Avoid all
quarrels,
Tap your
barrels.
Cease your
labours;
Feast your
neighbours;
Drink about
The old
year out.

I propos'd a problem, and I an-
swered it immediately.—My po-
tatoes were then roasted: I
weighed them. I divided the
weight by the number five, and
noted the quotient, by which
means we had all share and share
alike.

Reflections like these said Mop-
sus (suit any time: have you any
more such? Yes, twenty said Ran-
dom, and some future day you shall
hear them; but observed my hu-
mour sir. The truth is, that I
am either as mad as a fool with
a fortune, or as melancholy as a
poor poet in prison. But a few
years with sometimes a lecture
from my father's good friend,
will I doubt not abate the mad-
ness, and brighten up the melan-
choly. I then hope to be some-
what like what the world calls
rational. Mopsus cordially took
him by the hand. The love I
bare to your deceased father, said
he, I this moment transfer to
you. Visit me daily. But I feel
the music approaching. Now
youth to the sprightly dance, and
age to the silent pillow,
The hoary head declares with us
shall soon (o'er:
The tragic comic farce of life be
Then when the curtain drops,
the play is done;
May heav'n applaud, we mortals
ask no more.

**A TABLE of all the KINGS and QUEENS of England
since the CONQUEST in 1066.**

<i>Names of Kings</i>	<i>Born A.D.</i>	<i>When they began to reign</i>	<i>Reigned Y. M.</i>	<i>Since their Reigns ended</i>	<i>Where buried</i>
William I.	1027	1066, Octob.	14 20	11 696, Septem.	9 Caen Nor.
William II.	1057	1087, Sept.	9 12	11 683, August	2 Winchest.
Henry I.	1068	1100, Aug.	2 35	4 648, Decemb.	1 Reading
Stephen	1105	1135, Dec.	1 18	11 629, Octob.	25 Feverham

Saxon Line restored.

Henry II.	1133	1154, Octob.	25 34	8 594, July	6 Fountever
Richard I.	1156	1189, July	6 9	9 584, April	6 Fountever
John	1165	1199, April	6 17	6 567, October	19 Worcester
Henry III.	1207	1216, Octob.	19 56	1 511, Novem.	16 Westmin.
Edward I.	1239	1272, Nov.	16 34	8 476, July	7 Westmin.
Edward II.	1284	1307, July	7 19	7 456, January	25 Gloucest.
Edward III.	1312	1327, January	25 50	5 406, June	21 Westmin.
Richard II.	1366	1377, June	21 22	3 384, Septem.	29 Westmin.

Lancaster Line.

Henry IV.	1367	1399, Sept.	29 13	6 370, March	20 Canterb.
Henry V.	1389	1413, March	20 9	5 361, August	31 Westm.
Henry VI.	1421	1422, August	31 38	6 322, March	4 Windfor

York Line.

Edward IV.	1442	1461, March	4 22	1 300, April	9 Windfor
Edward V.	1471	1483, April	9 0	2 300, June	22 Unkno.
Richard III.	1443	1483, June	22 12	2 298, August	22 Leicester

Families united.

Henry VII.	1456	1485, August	22 23	8 274, April	22 Westm.
Hen. VIII.	1492	1509, April	22 37	9 236, January	28 Windfor
Edward VI.	1537	1547, January	28 6	5 230, July	6 Westm.
Q. Mary	1516	1553, July	6 5	4 225, Novem.	17 Westm.
Q. Elisab.	1533	1558, Nov.	17 44	4 180, March	24 Westm.

Crowns united.

James I.	1566	1603, March	24 22	0 158, March	27 Westm.
Charles I.	1600	1625, March	27 23	10 134, January	30 Windfor
Charles II.	1630	1649, January	30 36	0 98, February	6 Westm.
James II.	1633	1685, Feb.	6 4	0 94, February	13 S. Germ.
Will. III.	1650	1689, Feb.	13 13	1 81, March	8 Westm.
Q. Anne	1665	1702, March	8 12	5 69, August	1 Westm.
George I.	1660	1714, August	1 12	10 56, June	11 Hanover
George II.	1683	1727, June	11 33	4 23, Octob.	25 Westm.
George III.	1738	1760, Oct.	25	Crowned Sept. 22, 1761.	

Although the holy writ declares
Kings are by God appointed ;
There's scarce a rascal lives but dares
Affront the Lord's anointed.

POOR ROBIN,

1783.

PART THE SECOND.

Whose whole Contents you'll best discover
By sitting down and looking over.

Golden Number 17. — Epact 26.

ASTRONOMICAL CHARACTERS,

PLANETS -

- ☉ The Sun.
- ☾ The Moon.
- ☿ Mercury.
- ♀ Venus.
- ♂ Mars.
- ♃ Jupiter.
- ♄ Saturn.
- ♊ Ascending Nodes.
- ♋ Descending Node.
- ♌ Conjunction.
- ♍ Opposition.

SIGNS of the ZODIAC.

- ♈ Aries.
- ♉ Taurus.
- ♊ Gemini.
- ♋ Cancer.
- ♌ Leo.
- ♍ Virgo.
- ♎ Libra.
- ♏ Scorpio.
- ♐ Sagittarius.
- ♑ Capricorn.
- ♒ Aquarius.
- ♓ Pisces.

THE ANATOMY.



A Scheme on Rules of Art so deeply grounded,
The more you look, the more you'll be confounded.

The ECLIPSES in the YEAR 1783.

Four Times will be eclipsed Don Phœbus bright,
And twice the Moon will lose her borrowed Light;
But when that these Phenomena shall be,
You must look under, if you mean to see.

The first will be an invisible Eclipse of the Sun on the third Day of March in the Morning; of which, as we shall see nothing, we shall say nothing.

The second is a visible Eclipse of the Moon, the eighteenth Day of March, in the Evening, as follows.

	H.	M.
Beginning	7	31 $\frac{1}{2}$
Beginning of total Darkness	8	32
Middle	9	23
End of Total Darkness	10	14
End of the Eclipse	11	14

The third and fourth will be two invisible Eclipses of the Sun; the one on the first of April; the other on the 27th Day of August; but as the Sun will be in Bed before each begins, it will not be worth our Care to sit up and watch for either of them.

The fifth is a visible Eclipse of the Moon, in the Evening of the 27th of August.

	H.	M.
Beginning	9	44
Beginning of total Darkness	10	44
Middle	11	35
End of total Darkness	0	26 Aug 28 Morn.
End of the Eclipse	1	25 do.

The 6th and last will be Sept. 26. It is an Eclipse of the Sun, but invisible.

Prognostic.

As Reason declares that like produces like, which Experience daily shews: So invisible Eclipses can only have Effect upon Subjects invisible.—Such are the Lawyer's Honesty; the Whore's Modesty; the Bawd's Bashfulness; the Quack's Skill, and the Prim Puritan's Piety. How far these may be affected, I leave the Astrologers to determine.

The visible Eclipses may probably have more visible Effects.—Luna being a Planet of the Feminine Gender, and being depriv'd of her Light, which is her greatest Ornament, betokens that some sweet Females shall be eclipsed in their Honour.—I heartily wish that no pretty Pitcher may have the Misfortune of a Crack which the fair Owner in future shall have Occasion to repent of.

A Chro-

A Chronological Account of remarkable Occurrences.

	Years.
THE Creation of the World	5887
The general Deluge, or <i>Noah's Flood</i>	4134
The Birth of <i>Abraham</i>	3782
The Foundation of <i>Solomon's Temple</i>	2798
The Babylonish Captivity	2490
The Birth of our blessed Lord and Saviour <i>Jesus Christ</i>	1782
His Passion, glorious Resurrection	1750
The beginning of the Ten Persecutions by <i>Nero</i>	1711
The Tower of LONDON built	1214
Cambridge made an University	1138
Oxford made an University	912
<i>William Duke of Normandy</i> conquered <i>England</i>	717
The Invention of Guns	405
The Art of Printing first invented at <i>Harleim</i>	353
A great Plague in <i>London</i> , whereof died 30578	181
The horrid Gunpowder Treason	178
The Holy Bible new translated	176
Plague in <i>London</i> , of which, and other Diseases died 54266	158
<i>New England</i> planted	153
King <i>Charles I.</i> beheaded	135
King <i>Charles II.</i> restored	123
Another Plague in <i>London</i> , whereof, &c. died near 100000	118
13200 Houses burnt in <i>London</i>	117
A great Comet appeared in <i>December</i> and <i>January</i>	103
The great 13 Weeks Frost	99
King <i>William III.</i> and Queen <i>Mary</i> crowned, <i>April 11</i>	94
<i>England</i> and <i>Scotland</i> united	76
<i>St. Paul's</i> in <i>London</i> finished	75
Queen <i>Anne</i> died <i>August 1</i> ; and King <i>George I.</i> began	69
<i>Preston</i> Rebellion	68
King <i>George I.</i> died <i>June 11</i> ; and King <i>George II.</i> procl. 16	56
A splendid Comet, seen from <i>Dec. 23</i> to <i>Feb. 20</i>	40
A Rebellion, when the Rebels came so far as <i>Derby</i>	38
The Date and Calendar altered	37
The Militia Act passed	25
King <i>George II.</i> died <i>Oct. 25</i> ; and King <i>George III.</i> began	23
King <i>George III.</i> and Queen <i>Charlotte</i> crowned <i>Sept. 22</i>	23
Peace with <i>France</i> and <i>Spain</i>	19
The <i>Swedes</i> forced to resign their Liberties to the King	11
War commenced against <i>North America</i>	8
The <i>Americans</i> declare themselves Independent States	7
The <i>French</i> signed the first Treaty with the <i>American States</i>	9
War against <i>France</i> commenced	5
War was begun against <i>Spain</i>	4
War against <i>Holland</i> commenced	3

The surprising Story of the WITCH of the WOODLANDS
continued.

CHAPTER III.

IN a solemn, darksome, dismal, lonely Grove belonging to the Estate of Miss Miranda, stood a melancholy Habitation or rather unrented Cot; long noted for being the Habitation of Witches, the Residence of Wizards, and the House of Resort for Infernals.—Here the Incubusses and Succubusses of former Ages had Time out of Mind kept their Midnight Revels:—Day and Night black Beetles crawled round the Walls; dark and dismal was the Place beyond Description. Never here shone the flaring Beams of the Sun, never did the Moon spread her tender benign Light over the dreary uncomfortable Mansion.—The Nymphs and Swains avoided the Spot with Horror and Trembling except when Ague, luckless Love, or a Desire of finding stolen Goods required a Charm or infernal Advice; or when a strong Desire of prying into Futurity overturned every other Obstacle.—Certainly, however, Musick was not wanting.—For although the tender Coo of the harmless Dove, the sweet Song of the sprightly Lark, or the dulcet Notes of the British Philomela, were all there wanting: Yet Midnight Concerts were constantly performed; wherein the sapient Birds of Minerva sweetly played the upper Parts.—The hooting Owl very aptly resembled the first Violin, while the skreech Owl exactly copied the shrill Hoboy.—The Crows, Rooks, Daws, and Ravens play'd the Violincello Part.—Grasshoppers and Meadow-creeks took the Tenor, while Thousands of Dutch Nightingales, which the English vulgarly call Toads and Frogs, performed the Thorough-Bass.

Now.—As you must understand, I hate most confoundedly to tell a round-about Story.—Now, I say, just about the Time of the Death of Mr. Eugenius, who having done no Harm in his Life was forgot the Day after his Burial by all but Miranda.—Likewise about the Decease of Old Beetle; whose Name shall endure to Posterity in every Family which he had injur'd.

Just about that Time died the last Old Witch, who was Lady of the above Tenement. And (to her immortal Honour be it spoke) went out of the World much like the celebrated OLIVER CROMWELL, with a full Wind on her Back, which blew down five Oak Trees, and a large Barn belonging to the Premises of Young Beetle.

To make Matters more astonishing; while every one was considering who was the oldest Pauper in nine surrounding Parishes, who according to ancient Custom should fall Heir to the Tenement, together with the Honour of Witchcraft.—Lo! the Scene was as it were by Magic changed into a decent comfortable Habitation; and a Woman but nobody knew who, came from no one knew where; but deeply versed in Astrology judicial, Magic, mathematical, natural and supernatural, particularly fam'd for Dealings diabolical, soon bore the Bell from all who had ever gone before her.—Her Fame had spread all around, and the surprizing Stories of her wonderful Power almost exceeded human Belief.

I must next inform you of a neat Country Alehouse in the Village belonging to Young Beetle; and here give me Leave to draw up the Scene, and present to your View a clean and pleasant rural Parlour.—The brick Pavement as red as Blood, the Fire-place comfortably blazing in the cold Seasons of the Year, and in the hot ones adorn'd with an Oaken Bow. Over this stood a Shelf trimly deck'd with such Flowers as the various Seasons afforded, all in their native Bloom. Above these stood a small WeatherHouse, in which a little Man of Card, with a Lady of the same Stuff and Dimensions, hourly indicate to the Swains of the Village the earliest Intelligence of the ensuing Weather. Nor were the Walls barren, or uninstruative. Three Escutcheons once belonging to the Tunbellies Family, the Picture of the Stages of Human Life, the fine historical Song of Chevy Chase, the good moral one of Death and the Lady, the sorrowful Tale of the Babes in the Wood, with the Bride's Burial, all furnish'd the contemplative Mind with ample Matter. Cane Chairs once the Seats of the Great, and an Oak Table curiously carved and once in high Esteem, Lady Fashion, who is constantly varying in Opinions, had now transfer'd to this humble Mansion.—Lastly through the Window appeared a neat Garden plan'd both for Pleasure and Profit, where the humming Bees daily gave to the listening Ear a Lecture of Industry.—What Soul of Sensibility!—What Lover of pure Nature, but would wish to enjoy a Summer's Evening in such a Retreat as this.

The amorous Swain catches his lovely Maid passing along, and hugs her hither.—Methinks I see her bid him forbear:—frown with her Eyes, and smile with her Lips:—seemingly hang back; yet gently creep along.

Now, Nature, let me paint thee honestly; without the Daubings of Art.

Behold the tender Lover seated in this sweet Abode, with the sole Object of his Wishes.—Mark how his Breast beats—while his Eyes speak what his Tongue cannot find Words to utter.—Observe her—dear Maiden—blushing—starting—turning away; while a Sigh from her Soul belies the Language of every Feature in her Countenance.—Hark at the harmless Doves cooing the tender Strains of connubial Love.—See the sweet Flowers—dear Maid—which shine so bright to-Day, and To-morrow must be thrown upon the Dunghill.—Here, sweet Moralist, reflect upon transient Beauty.—So.—He pulls her half consenting—half denying, upon his Knee.—Now one Arm clasp'd lovingly around her Neck, presses the decent Kerchief, which hides her panting snowy Bosom;—While the other gently gripes her trembling Hand.—See her now, blushing, turn her Face aside, while Strephon tells the tender Tale of Love.

Have I told my Story right, Madam Nature?—If I have not, pray do you tell it for me.

Here likewise the Farmers of the Village met at an Evening; and here was the nightly Resort of Young Beetle.—At this Place the News was constantly read, and the Affairs of the Nation, whether foreign or domestic, were all settled.—Monarchs and Mice; Princes and Puppies; Dogs and Dukes; Corn and Cardinals; Wise Bishops and Wild Beasts; Asses and Aldermen; Mayors and Monkies; the Downfall of the Pope, and the raising the Price of Potatoes, were all here discussed.

Here the New Witch was spoken of in such a Light as induced Young Beetle to apply to her in the Affair of Miss Miranda.

I could here inform you of the wonderful Stories that were told of her; of the learned Letter Young Beetle sent her; of her Answer couch'd in such Terms, as would harrow up your Soul to hear it. All this and much more, my dear Friends, willingly would I do, was it not from an invincible Desire that I always have of telling my Story in the fewest Words. I shall therefore only here observe that she had engaged herself to assist him. The Time was fixed, and her Habitation the Place appointed for the Dispatch of this diabolical Business.

I shall therefore now immediately proceed to the Night when Beetle, Clod, and Blunder in luckless Hour set out from Sapskull Hall, according to the Witch's Appointment.

But this requiring a new Chapter:—I here conclude Chapter the third, and now beg Leave to begin with Chapter the fifth.

The surprizing Story of the WITCH of the WOODLANDS.

CHAPTER V.

BLACK was the Night while heavy Clouds around covered the whole Horizon with pitchy Darknes.— Save when the Lightning sprinkled cros the Heavens; for blazing seemed to shew a World in Flames.— Still was the Hour— Still as the silent Vault, where ancient Knighthood mouldering turns to Dust.— Save when hoarse Thunder horrid roll'd around; or big mouth'd Winds rushed whistling through the Trees.— In short it was precisely ten at Night when Beetle, Clod, and Blunder all set off to visit the Witch of the Woodlands. The Rain was heavy and the Wind boisterous.— Zounds, said Beetle, at the first setting out, how the Wind puffs and blows, just for all the World like a new made Alderman.— The Manner they walked in was this:— First went Blunder with a large Staff in his right Hand, and the great old Hall Lantern in his left.— Next followed Esquire Beetle with nothing extraordinary, excepting an old green Surtout of his Great Grandfather's, and a large Knob Stick in his Hand, sufficient to knock down an Ox.— Then poor Clod in the Rear, with another large Staff in his right Hand, and the Stable Lantern in his left.

Now as Blunder was all the Way looking before him, to see (as he every Minute expected) a Spirit; Clod for the very same Reason was all the while looking behind him, till unluckily coming near a low Stile; Clod tumbled against Beetle, Beetle against Blunder, and all three tumbling over the Stile together, the Lights went out.— They rose again with more than small Speed; running Home as fast as their Legs would carry them; each one supposing that the Devil would take the hindmost.

No Harm however followed; they all returned safe to Sap-skull Hall, drank three Quarts of Ale; put each on a fresh pair of Breeches; renewed their Lights, and sallied out again, but only in different Order.— They now went all three of a Brest.— As they were moving slowly forward; I wish said Clod that we might have some Stories to amuse us as we go along.—

Right, said Beetle.—

Do you begin, Blunder.— I will, said he.

There was a poor Man and his Name it was Ralph.
 What then said Beetle.—Nay, said he, that's the best on't;
 He married a Wife who was poorer by half.
 Go on, said Clod.—Nay, said Blunder,

There's the rest on't.

Now for your Story Clod.

I have but one, said Clod, and I will tell it as well as I can.—
 Begin then, said Beetle.—Clod began in Manner following—
 And so (said he) as I was telling you.—Richard swore he would,
 and Rachael swore he should then, and the Company behind
 the Hedge all burst a laughing.—Blood, said Beetle I never heard
 a Story begin so in my Life.—Blood and Guts too, replied Clod,
 why this is the Ending:—I have quite forgot the Beginning.—
 Now it's your Honour's Turn.—Well then, said Beetle, There
 was a Giant, and he was a great Man.—Why, said Clod are not
 all Giants great Men? I think not, replied Beetle; for if a Man
 stands as high as the Monument, and at the same Time is as
 poor as Job, he is not a great Man; he is only a tall Man.—
 Aye, says Blunder (putting his Hand into a pennyless Pocket)
 what your Worship says is all very true. Well (continued Beetle)
 this Giant fell in Love with a Dwarf. Was he in Love then, said
 Blunder?—He was, replied Beetle.—Why then, said Clod, the
 Lord help him.—Why, said Beetle, was you ever in Love?—I was
 once, said Clod.—And how came you to fall in Love—I will tell you
 that too, said Clod.—There was a Lass, and her Name was Joyce.
 I had seen her Face a Thousand Times. Well, said Beetle, did you
 fall in Love with her Face at last?—Oh much so, answer'd Clod;
 —Why, she had two beautiful grey Eyes; you remember our
 old Cat that we used to call Grim? I do, said Beetle.—Well,
 said Clod, they were just like her's.—Besides that she had such
 a delightful Snub Nose, that if your Worship had seen her, you
 would have swore she had been begot by a Dutch Mastiff.—Then
 her pretty little Mouth was so small that she could but just cram
 a two-penny Loaf into it; although she did it for a Wager.—
 Why, said Blunder, I wonder I never heard this Story before.—
 Because, replied Clod, I don't love to think on't; for when I do
 I feel as if—None of your ifs, said Beetle, somewhat sharply;—
 if we are to have the Story out to Night---go on.

Well, said Clod, finding Matters with me worse and worse;
 I at last went to a cunning Man, who lived about five Miles off,
 —I told him my Case, for I did not know then that Love was
 the

the Cause.—Well, he took somewhat like a Wand in his Hand, put on his Spectacles, and resting his Chin upon the Top of the Wand, he looked over a heap of Books which lay upon a long Table before him—he wrote several Things, some out of one Book, some out of another, upon a Slip of Paper.—He then turning to me with the Paper in his Hand said thus.—Your Disorder is what the Greeks call *Egos*; the Romans *Amor—vil Desiderium Forte ad Mulierem*; but as it does not appear that this Latin *Mulier* is either *Uxor Mariti*, nor as the Italians express it *Una Monaca* or *Religiosa*, there are great Hopes.—But, said I, cannot I have my Nativity calculated?—The wise Man replied.—Say no more.—I was casting a Scheme Yesterday when Venus informed me that a Person would this Day come to me, and here he shewed me a Paper marked like a bowl with a Dot in the Middle, and another Bowl with half a Bowl lying upon it (by his Description we are able to find out what the Wise Man shewed him.—viz. ☉ in ♋.) Clod went on.—And pray now, said I, is this Hebrew? no said he this is the Language of the Stars, and signifies in Latin that Sol was in Taurus when you was born.—What is that in English, said I? Why, said he, in plain English, you was born when Sol or the Sun was in that Constellation of the Zodiac call'd the Bull.—Jove's benign Rays were then in Sextile; Venus appeared in Trine, which shews at the worst that you will soon be made a Cuckold of; while Mercury was scituated so that the Man who did the Action should pay extremely dear for it, while you got a great deal of Money.—I gave my hearty Service to Venus, and desir'd she would make a Cuckold of me as soon as she could.

Moreover, said he, Saturn darts his malignant Rays quite asslant from you, so that there is no Danger to be feared from that Quarter.—Mars appears to be your chief Enemy.—For being in direct Opposition to the Place of Sol at the Time of your Nativity, he declares you will never rise to Preferment in the Army.—Heaven blefs him for that, said I, and I'll be hang'd if ever I do.—For you must know it was but a Day or two before, that I tumbled down in the open Sunshine.—Lifting up my hands;—My Shadow lifted up his Hands too.—I made off as fast as I could, for Fear I should get a Knock on the Face before I could get on my Legs.—However, he saying I was born under the Bull, and knowing myself to be very Bull-headed, I had great Hopes of him.—And what did he say after that?—Why said Clod—he wrote again.—Then looking earnestly at me, he said.—*In Judicium meum sine Errore te intelligo esse Stultum*.—You had better wait a while, and come again,

again, and so, said he, as the French say, *Je suis votre tres humble Serviteur*. And how the Plague, said Beetle, do you remember all these hard Words?—because, said Clod, he wrote them down before he told them to me, and I stole his Paper.—But hark you, said I—What will cure me of my present Disorder?—Conjugation, said he.—I did not fairly understand him.—Gobbleation? said I,—Why I can gobble down any Thing.—It is not above two Months ago, since I eat three Quarts of Salt, Aloes, Treacle and Vinegar; Hogs-lard, Tobacco, Maggoty Horse-flesh, Stinking Fish, nine and twenty Spiders, Eighteen Bugs, five rotten Eggs, and half a pint of Train Oil, all mashed down together.—I did it for a Wager, and I won it fairly.

Professors of Galen and Hippocrates—I value you not a Farthing.—Sons and Daughters of extreme Delicacy—I here give you a Vomit which will absolutely clear your Stomachs, and at the same time not come very dear.

But, pray now, said I, is what you say a Bolus or a Julep? Neither, said he, it is composed of a Solid and a Vacuum. The Lord knows what he meant by it, but he charg'd me half a Crown, and I came away just as wise as I went.

Well, the Sunday after I went to an old Grandmother of mine who lived about ten Miles off, and she was thought to be full as wise as the cunning Man. I had no sooner begun my Tale, than she begun her's too, and told me all my Feelings as if she had felt them for me.—Thou art in Love, Clod! said she,—Zounds, Grandam, said I, you're mainly in the right I really believe, and I am told that Conjugation will cure me.—It will my Lad, replied she.—I pray now, said I, how much can I have for twopence? for I knew that Doctors Drugs were very dear: So I asked her likewise whether any body else dealt in it besides the Physicians; Oh Yes, said she, almost every body:—but your Life is in no Danger, so come again in about two Months Time and I will tell you more.

I left her and never went after—How so? said Beetle. Because, says Clod, as soon as I found my Disorder was Love; I knew who I was in Love with: but before I returned, poor Joyce was seized with the Small-Pox, accompanied with the bleeding Purples.—I went once to see her, and behold she was all over one loathsome Lump of Corruption.—I thought once I loved her so well I could almost have worried her; but when I saw her in that Condition I could not have eat a mouthful of her

her if any one would have given me Sixpence.—She died the Day after, and so I got shot of my Love.

This, with other Discourse, which for Brevity's Sake I here omit, brought them within a quarter of a Mile of the Witch's Habitation. There was a commodious Hedge, under which Clod very wisely made a Motion that they should untruss and evacuate, for, said he, we don't know what may happen before Morning, and if we should happen to discharge there together, we may stink the Devil out of the House before my Master's Business be done. Beetle saw into the Sagacity of Clod's Reasoning; very true, and then it will all be—The Double Disappointment; or, Love's Labour lost.—How Beetle hit upon this Expression must remain a Secret till I have published my *Excursioness Bromi*; or, The Surprizing Adventures of a twopenny Beefom.—They were just preparing to pay their Offerings to the Goddess Cloacina, which is done by both Sexes upon bended Knees; when Clod, hastily clapping his Shoulders upon his Master's Thighs; For the Love of G-d Master, said he, hold me fast by the Head for St. Nicholas has got hold of My Tail. What St. Nicholas? said Beetle all in Amazement. Why, old Nick, said he, only I durst not say so then for fear of affronting him.—Beetle said, take the Lantern and see what is the Matter with him.—Blunder did as soon as was convenient; for Clod was then paying a copious Oblation.—I really believe, said Blunder (after a close Examination) that Clod was stung by the Serpent.—That's a sure Thing, said Clod, and it was that old Serpent the Devil too as sure as I'm alive; though upon second Thoughts, that may be a Lie too, for I don't know whether I am not dead at this Time.—See, said Beetle, if you can find the Path of the Snake in the Grass.—I cannot, answered Blunder.—Do you know the Place, said Beetle.—To an Inch, replied Clod.—Try again, said he.—Clod did, when starting on a sudden, Oh, said he, his Reverence is at my A— again.—They examined the Spot and found that a Nettle had been the Cause of all this Disturbance.—Beetle had very wisely brought a Bottle of Brandy in the Pocket of his Surtout; here he pulled it out and they all then took a comfortable Draught; Clod's Spirits revived, and they marched to the destin'd Place.—But, as we are going to walk upon enchanted Ground, a new Scene demands a new Chapter.

The surprizing Story of the WITCH of the WOODLANDS.

CHAPTER. VI.

WHEN they came to the Gate, says Blunder, I think it is proper that we should consider of a Speech before we go in. Oh, said Beetle, I have wrote one, and I have it in my Pocket: I'll read it as soon as I go in.---They went to the Door and gave a gentle Tap.---The Door immediately opened.---With trembling Legs they all walked in.---The Door immediately shut, when a Voice from without was heard to say.---Ralph, Ralph, they're all safe.---What added to their Consternation was, that upon the Floor in the middle of the Room stood one solitary Candle. Before them on the other side stood (if the Feminine Gender will admit of such a Figure) the Old Witch. Her Head and Face were covered with a clean white Cloth, which reach'd down to her Eyebrows, covered her Cheeks, and pin'd under her Chin. Her Nose was at least twelve Inches long; her Chin was as long as her Nose but curling up to her nether Lip.---Her Eyes looked red, her Eyelashes grey.---Her Cheeks were wrinkled, and her Visage pale.---Black was her Gown and high stood her Hump.---Her Apron was short; the Linen white but work'd in black, with all the Characters Astronomical, Astrological, and Magical.---Upon her Head was fixed a large black high crowned Hat, magically adorned with Ribbons of Flame Colour.---After the first Surprize, Blunder, tottering attempted to take up the Candle for Beetle to read his Speech.---The Candle immediately flew up to the Cieling.---Blunder ran back, and the Witch spoke as follows:

I heard 'an awful Voice that said
Magnum Damnum wake the Dead;
And a hoarse rough Voice replies
Dead Man, Dead Man, Dead Man rise.

Now the Time is drawing nigh
When the Church Doors open fly;
While within the dreary Pile
All along the gloomy Isle,
By the glim'ring Light that falls
Through Windows arch'd on dampy Walls,

'Mong

'Mong massy Piles of mold'ring Stone
 The throw'd Ghost glides sullen on.
 Or of Monks and Friars old
 A Ghostly Train Procession hold.
 First in grim Array they stand
 Each a Taper in his Hand,
 Clad in Black, in White, in Grey,
 Then anon they march away,
 With solemn Pace as heretofore
 They went to do in Days of Yore.

From the Grave as from his Bed
 The Sexton gets without a Head.
 Up the middle Isle in haste
 He glides, and straight the Bier's misplac'd
 With its Fall the Fabric sounds,
 Which the hollow Vault rebounds;
 And the rusty Shield that kings
 O'er old Knighthoods Statue rings.
 Then the Hearse round th' Church Yard rolls
 And untouch'd the Death Bell tolls.
 Straight appears a horrid Host
 Of frightful Forms and grinning Ghosts,
 Ding dong, ding dong,
 Still the Death Bell tolls along;
 While lighted by the shape of Torch
 Slow advances to the Porch
 The surplic'd Priest with ghastly Look,
 And in his Hand he holds a Book.
 Then a Coffin and a Pall
 Held by ghastly Spectres all:
 Follow'd by a frightful Croud
 While big mouth'd Winds are piping loud.

Bellowing

Bellowing Thunder rends the Skies,
 Lightning flashes, Storms arise;
 With the elemental War
 The Steeple rocks, the Windows jar;
 Still the fun'ral Rite proceeds
 And the Parson Burial reads,
 And the Clerk with mould'ring Maw
 Poking out his stiffen'd Jaw,
 Ruttles ev'ry now and then
 A deep and dismal long Amen.

All the Church is filled with Light,
 Then anon as black as Night.
 Now they revel in the Air,
 Howling here, shrieking there.
 Now in mystic Forms they stray
 Hither, thither,
 None know whither;
 Death and Hell keep Holiday.

To be continued if Life permit in our Next.

Custom has so ordained that we Diarians serve the Year as Children in Partnership do an Apple; having surveyed it in every Part, at the Conclusion we quarter it. Being just returned from the Funeral of a Friend, I take this Opportunity of concluding my Observations on the present Year with

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS on the SEASONS.

S P R I N G

Now the tender Herb, just peeping o'er the Surface of the Earth, demands our tender Care, and asks our kind Assistance.---Thus in the moral World, sweet smiling Innocence at earliest Dawn demands our special Notice; and Instinct pleads to aid the helpless Babe and form the future Man.

Each Action now with watchful Eye o'ersee,
 And fix the Twig as you would have the Tree:
 The Child thus form'd will in some future Day
 With Joys your pleasing Labour all repay.

S U M M E R.

What Spring produced the jocund Summer ripens. *Ceres* now fills the Earth with wavy Corn; the benty Grass demands the Mower's Scythe, while various Fruit and Flowers soon load the Ground. Thus what Childhood has imbib'd, Manhood matures to Perfection. But the uncultivated Mind, like uncultivated Grounds, affords a useless, barren, dreary Prospect.

But be there to the cultivated Mind
 For ev'ry Hour some useful Talk assign'd:
 So to his Joy, shall Men and Angels own
 Him ripe for Heaven when Time shall cut him down.

A U T U M N.

The yellow Autumn now comes on.---The Sun now later rises in the East, and sooner sinks into its western Bed.---The Sap now droops; the Leaves begin to fall, and Autumn gathers in what Summer raised.---Just so, the Prime of Manhood being past; and now contemplative of helpless Age, what Manhood gain'd, he straight begins to hoard. Strength now abates; his former Vigour fails; and Man, by imperceptible Degrees, sinks down to second Childhood.

Let Virtue then, Good Manners, Grace, and Truth,
 Resplendent shine while in the Dawn of Youth:
 And Oh may solid Sense and Wisdom sage
 Improve our Manhood and adorn our Age.
 So may we for a future State prepare
 Since Nature cries there's nothing lasting here;
 (And when with us the busy Scene shall cease)
 Contented lay us down and sleep in Peace.

W I N T E R.

W I N T E R.

See hoary Winter next comes frowning on. The Eye of Day, hid in a Wint'ry Cloud, but dimly shews a dull and dreary Prospect. Now the whistling Wind howls through the wild Woods, whose naked Branches, spreading all around, seem to exhibit to the musing Swain the Skeleton of Nature,---The rude Heath looks black; the Mountains bald; Meads, Fields, and Gardens, late the Scenes of sweet Delight, have now all their beauteous Robes dismantled,---The purling Streams, the bubbling Fountains, now no longer flow; but bound in adamantine Chains afford the shuddering Swain a solid Footstep,---These all portend a parting Year,---Anon 'tis flown, and Mirth and Revels introduce a new one. Thus bald Old Age dimly looks sad around; his whistling Voice, his wrinkled Skin, his hoary Head, his palsied Limbs, his freezing Veins proclaim his Period,---He dies, and straight his joyful Heir ransacks his Vaults; revels awhile; then drops himself into the silent Grave, and, lo! another revels in his Room.

Thus do the various Seasons indicate
The Stages Mortals run or soon or late:
Our antiquated Sires (like Years of old)
Their Course is finished and their Tale is told.
The Actors of the present Dramas must
Resign their Parts, and close their Eyes in Dust.
Children unborn in Future shall explore
The dreary Paths their Fathers trod before.
Successive Sons shall rise when those are gone,
And thus the active Stream of Life runs on,
Till Time no more his ancient Reign shall boast,
But all in vast Eternity be lost.

F I N I S.